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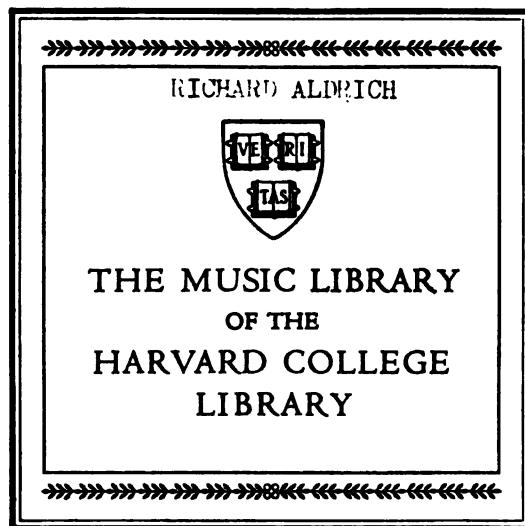
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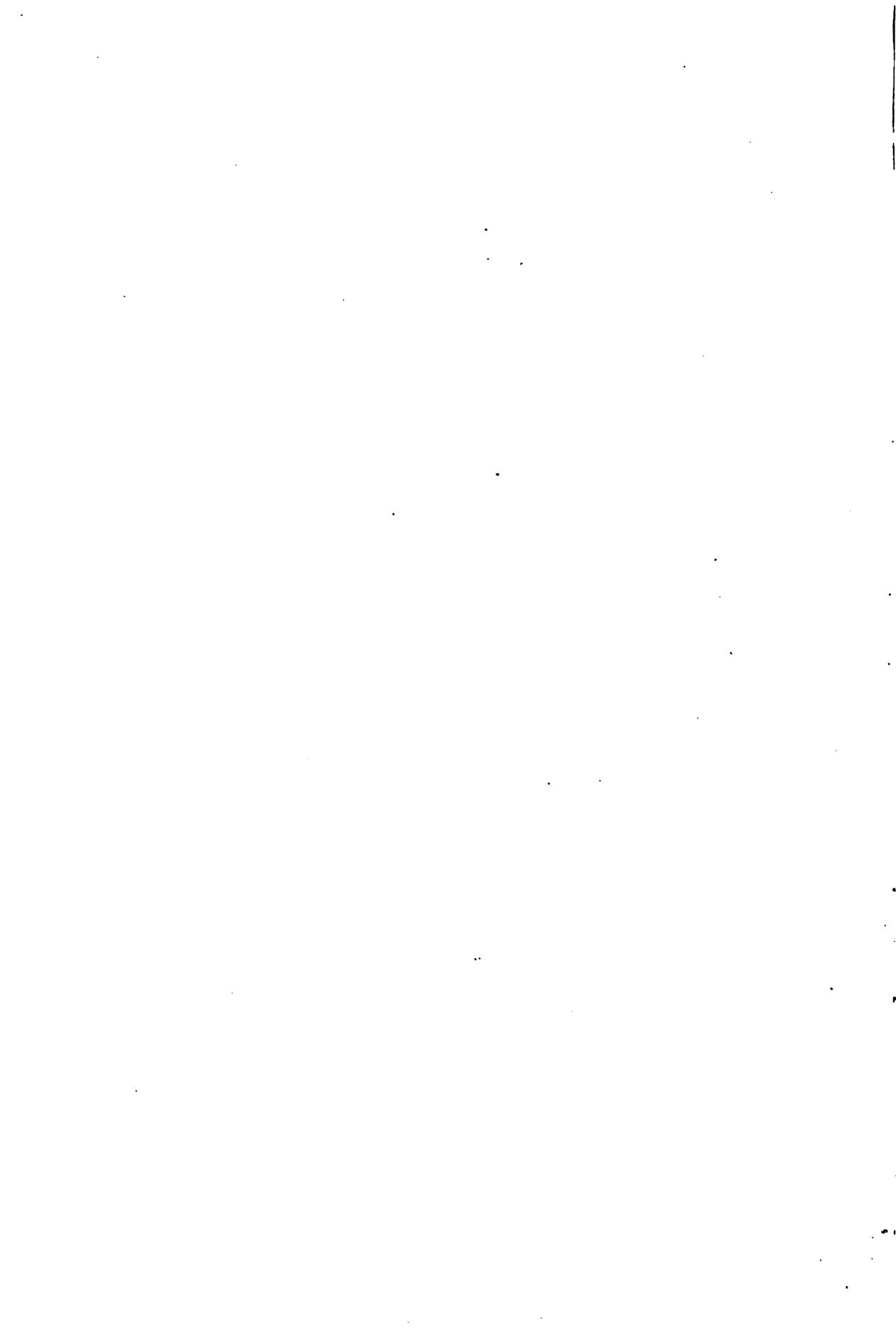
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THE  
YALE  
SONG BOOK



COMPILED FROM "YALE SONGS," "YALE GLEES"  
AND "YALE MELODIES"

NEW YORK  
G. SCHIRMER  
1906

Ms. 560. 18.25

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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**ESPECIAL MENTION:** *When the pieces in this book are played, the upper score, containing the First and Second Tenor parts, should be played an octave lower than it is written.*

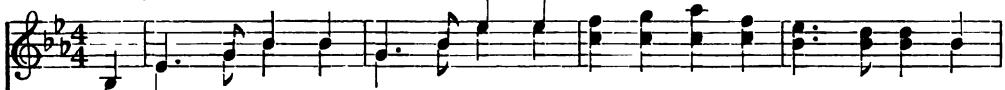
*The melody will usually be found in the Second Tenor, i.e., the lower part on the upper score.*

# *Yale Song Book*

## *Dear Old Yale*

H. S. DURAND, '81

CARL WILHELM



1. Bright col - lege years, with pleas - ure ripe, The short - est, glad-dest years of life ; How  
2. We all must leave this col - lege home, A - bout the storm - y world to roam ; But



swift - ly are ye glid - ing by ! Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly ! The  
though the might - y o - cean's tide Should us from dear old Yale di - vide, As



sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green, or white with snow, But time and  
round the oak the i - vy twines The cling - ing ten - drils of its vines, So are our



To break, to break the friendships  
By ties, by ties of love



change . shall naught a - vail To break the friend - ships formed at Yale.  
hearts . close bound to Yale By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.



In after-life, should troubles rise  
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,  
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,  
The happy, golden, bygone days !

3

Oh, let us strive that ever we  
May let these words our watch-cry be,  
Where'er upon life's sea we sail :  
" For God, for Country, and for Yale."

## Eli Yale

**SOLO**

1. As Fresh-men first we came to Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol,  
 2. As Soph - o - mores we have a task; Fol de rol de rol rol rol,

**CHORUS**

**SOLO**

Ex - am - i - na - tions made us pale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol,  
 'Tis best per-formed by torch and mask. Fol de rol de rol rol rol,

**CHORUS**

E - li, E - li, E - li Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol,

E - li, E - li, E - li Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

In Junior year we take our ease,  
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.  
**CHORUS**

And then into the world we come,  
We've made good friends, and studied—some.  
**CHORUS**

In Senior year we act our parts  
In making love, and winning hearts.  
**CHORUS**

*Adagio* The saddest tale we have to tell,  
Is when we bid old Yale farewell.  
CHORUS

*In honor of Elihu, or "Eli" Yale, the patron of Yale College.*

# Bonnie



1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My Bon - nie lies o - ver the  
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my



sea ; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
bed, Last night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamt that my Bon-nie was dead.



Bring back, Bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me,



Bring back, Bring back, Bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

## Upidee

1. The shades of night were a - com-ing down swift, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da; And the  
 2. O'er his high fore-head curled co - pi - ous hair, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da; He'd a

snow was a-heaping up drift on drift, U - pi-dee - i - da. Thro' a Yan-kee vil-lage a  
 Ro-man nose and com-plexion fair; U - pi-dee - i - da. He'd a bright blue eye, and an

youth did go, Carryin' a flag with the mot - to : U - pi-dee - i - dee - i - da,  
 au - burn lash, And he ev - er kept a-shoutin' thro' his moustache :

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i -

da. r - r - r - r - r Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da.

## Upidee

3

“Oh, don’t go up,” said an old man ; “stop !  
It’s blowing gales up there on top ;  
You’ll tumble off on the t’other side,”  
But the hurrying stranger still replied :

CHORUS

4

“ Oh, don’t go up such a shocking bad night,  
Come rest in this lap,” said a maiden bright ;  
A tear on his Roman nose did come,  
But still he remarked, as upward he clumb :

CHORUS

5

“ Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree,  
Dodge the rolling stones if any you see ;”  
So saying, the farmer went to his bed,  
But the singular voice replied overhead :

CHORUS

6

He saw thro’ the windows as he kept a-gettin’ up-  
A number of families sitting at supper ; [ per,  
He eyed those slippery rocks very keen,  
But fled as he cried, and cried while a fadin’ :

CHORUS

7

About quarter-past six the next forenoon,  
A man accidentally going up soon,  
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,  
Those very same words in a very weak voice :

CHORUS

8

Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,  
He was slow getting up, the road being uneven ;  
He found, buried up in the snow and the ice,  
The boy and the flag with the strange device :

CHORUS

9

Yes, he’s dead, defunct, without any doubt,  
The lamp of his life’s entirely gone out,  
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin’,  
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin’ :

CHORUS

## Tarpaulin Jacket

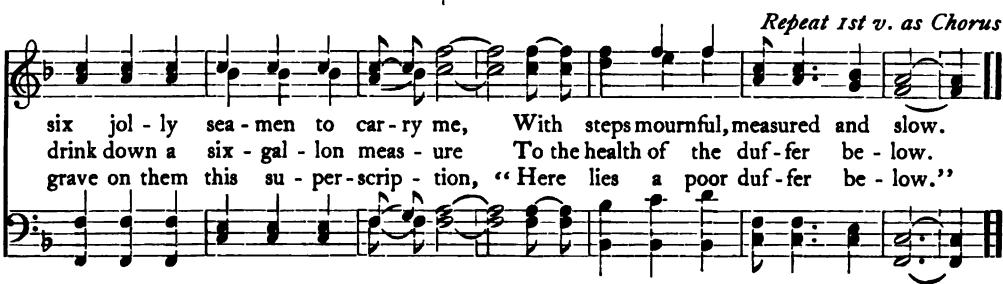
MODERATO



1. Wrap me up in my tar-pau-lin jack-et, . . And say, a poor duf-fer lies low ; . Bid
2. And then get six jol-ly fore-top-men, And let them a-rol-lick-ing go, . . And
3. And then bring me two big white holy-stones, And place them at head and at toe, . . En-



*Repeat 1st v. as Chorus*



# Soldier's Farewell

FROM THE GERMAN BY LOUIS C. ELSON

MELODY IN I. TENOR

THOMAS KOSCHAT

*p* ANDANTE

POCO RIT.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And  
 2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With  
 3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That

*cres.* CRESCENDO E POCO ACCEL. AL . . . *f* TEMPO I.

then, what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -  
 spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -  
 with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft while dy - ing: Fare -

*tranquillo e molto espress.*

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.  
 well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.  
 well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

## Bingo

*f*

Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down! Here's to good old Yale, drink it  
 down, drink it down! Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart - y and so hale, Drink it

# Bingo

FINE

down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down! Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,

Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, 'Way

down on the Bin - go farm. We won't go there an - y more, we

won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, 'Way

down on the Bin - go farm. Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go,

D.C.

Bin - go, Bin - go, 'Way down on the Bin - go farm. \*

*\*(Spoken.) B-I-N-G-O, my poor Harvard!*

# Brave Mother Yale

CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, '98

THOMAS G. SHEPARD

MAESTOSO



1. Fair - er than love of wom - an, . Strong - er than pride of gold,  
2. Far down the march of a - ges, . Near to the goal at last,  
3. Bea - con of truth up - lift - ed, . Set in the north - ern sea,



Stands, nor shall fail, love for old Yale, Moth - er of love un - told.  
Bright - er the haze of com - ing days Than all the sto - ried past.  
While yet they live, thy sons shall give Hon - or and love to thee.



“Moth - er of love,” proud-ly we call thee, Sing-ing to - geth - er a - down the long line,  
“Brave Mother Yale,” wondrousthe sto - ry Writ in the liv - ing rock, aye to en - dure,  
Star of our hope, shine on for - ev - er! Naught can the calm of thy ra - di-ance pale.



Light from a - bove ev - er be - fall thee! Hear thou and cheer thou the hearts that are thine.  
On to the goal, from glo - ry to glo - ry Sure be thy tread, and our loy - al - ty sure!  
Guard-ing thee yet, fail-ing thee nev - er, Still shall we love our brave mother, old Yale.



Copyright, 1903, by Thomas G. Shepard.

# Undertaker Song

ff *s*

Oh, more work for the un - der - tak - er, An - oth - er lit - tle job for the

*ff* *p*

cas - ket - mak - er, In the lo - cal cem - e - ter - y They are

ACCEL. E CRES.

ver - y, ver - y bus - y on a brand new grave: No hope for Har - vard !

ff RIT. . . .

No hope for Har - vard !

ff RIT. . . .

# Swanee River

HARMONIZED BY THOS. G. SHEPARD

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. 'Way down up-on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is  
2. One lit - tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my



turn - ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay ; All up and down the whole cre-a - tion,  
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a-hum-ming,



Sad - ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at  
All round the comb ? When shall I hear the ban - jo thrumming, Down in my good old



home. All the world am dark and drear - y, ev - 'ry-where I roam,  
home ? All the world am dark and drear - y, ev - 'ry-where I roam,



O, dark - eys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.



*Melody and words by permission of Mrs. S. C. Foster*

# Last Cigar

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, . I  
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en

sat up - on the quar-ter-deck, And whiffed my cares a - way ; And as the volumed  
 there the pur-ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly ; . Oh, what had I, at

smoke a - rose Like in - cense in the air, . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It  
 such a time, To do with wast - ing care ? A - las ! the trem-bling tear proclaimed, It

## CHORUS

was my last ci - gar. . It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -

RIT.  
 gar, . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

3

I watched the ashes as it came  
 Fast drawing to the end,  
 I watched it as a friend would watch  
 Beside a dying friend ;  
 But still the flame crept slowly on,  
 It vanished into air,  
 I threw it from me — spare the tale —  
 It was my last cigar.

4

I've seen the land of all I love  
 Fade in the distance dim,  
 I've watched above the blighted heart,  
 Where once proud hope hath been ;  
 But I've never known a sorrow  
 That could with that compare,  
 When off the blue Canary isles  
 I smoked my last cigar.

## The Scotchman

1. Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the this - tle, Show me the Eng-lish-man who  
2. Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the this - tle, Show me the Eng-lish-man who

does-n't love the rose, But show me the true - heart - ed son of old E - rin, Who  
does-n't love the rose, But show me the true - heart - ed son of old E - li - hu, Who

does - n't love the spot, One, two, three, where the sham - rock grows.  
does - n't love the spot, One, two, three, where the elm - tree grows.

(striking the chest)

## How I Have Loved Thee

FRANK JULIAN PRICE, '92

GERMAN FOLK-TUNE, " ACH, WIE IST'S MÖGLICH DANN "

1. Thine eyes they told me, Dear - est, thou did'st not know, How I have  
2. But, sweet, to tell thee That thou'rt so good and fair, I'd nev - er,

loved thee so, Would'st thou know why? All that is fair to see,  
nev - er dare E - ven to try; Still then my love must see,

[ 12 ]

## How I Have Loved Thee



All that is good to be, Thy truth and pur - i - ty, Sweet, does out - vie.  
Still must thou an-swer me, Kind let thy an - swer be, Or let me die.

## Twilight

F. B. KELLOGG, '83

THOMAS KOSCHAT



1. When twi-light is spread-ing hershad - ow a - round, Or Lu - na's chaste beams make re-  
2. With class-mates a - bout us, dear friends tried and true, Who soon must with - out us life's



splendent the ground, And high cluster'd leaves throw their deep shade below, 'Tis then that our  
jour-ney pur - sue, With voic-es u - nit - ed, the glad song we raise, Oh, ne'er can re -



hearts with song o - ver - flow, 'Tis then that our hearts with song o - ver - flow.  
turn these bright, hap-py days, Oh, ne'er can re - turn these bright, hap-py days.



# Bold Fisherman

## BASS SOLO



1. There was a bold fish-er-man set sail from off Bar-ne-gat To  
2. He wrig-gled and he scrig-gled in the wa-ters so bri-ny, O ! He  
3. His ghost did walk that ver-y night by the bed-side of his Ma-ry Jane, He



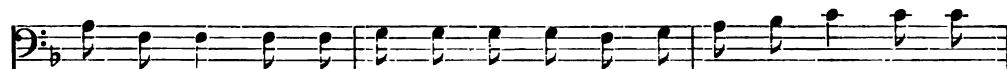
catch a mild por-gee or sly mack-er-el ; But, when he was off  
yel-low'd and he bel-low'd for help, but in vain ; And then he did so  
told her how dead he was : said she, "I'll go mad; For if you are so



Pim-li-co, the storm-y winds did be-gin to blow, The lit-tle boat wib-ble -  
gen-ty glide to the bot-tom of . . . the surg-ing tide, Pre-vious-ly . . . to  
dead," said she, "all joy," she says, "will from me flee; I'll go a rav-ing



## Bold Fisherman



# Nellie Was a Lady

ESPRESSIVO

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Down on the Mis-sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab-bel o'er the way,  
2. Now I'se un - hap - py, and I'se weep - ing ; Can't tote de cot-ton-wood no more,

All night the cot-ton-wood I'se tot - ing, Sing-ing for my true lub all the day.  
Last night when Nel-lie was a - sleep - ing, Death came a-knock-ing at the door.

Nel-lie was a la - dy, last night she died ; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my

dark Vir-gin - ny bride. Oh, Nel-lie was a la - dy, last night she died; Toll the

bell for lub - ly Nell, My dar - key bride. Oh, Nel-lie was a la - dy,

my dar-key bride.

last night she died; Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, My dar - key bride.

FAST  
AFTER LAST VERSE

## Nellie Was a Lady

## Bzt! Bzt!

3 The cheapest viand of them all,  
Is twelve-and-a-half cents for two fish-balls;  
The waiter he to him doth call,  
And gently whispers, (*Spoken*) "One fish-ball."

4 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,  
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."  
The waiter roars it through the hall—  
"We don't give bread with one fish-ball."

# The Mermaid



cap - tain spied a love - ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
 mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be."

## CHORUS

Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

may blow,

we poor sail - ors go skip-ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be -

low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

3 Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,  
 And a red-hot cook was he;  
 " I care much more for my kettles and my pots,  
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."

4 Then three times around went our gallant ship,  
 And three times around went she,  
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,  
 And she sank to the depths of the sea.

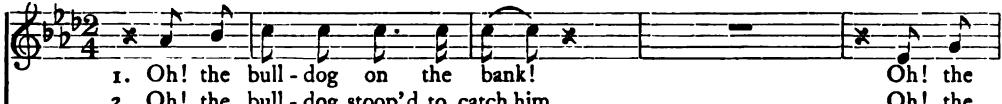
# The Pope

1. The Pope, he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life, He's  
 free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish  
 Rhen - ish wine,  
 wine, . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine, He drinks the  
 Rhen - ish wine,  
 He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine,  
 best of Rhen - ish wine, . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine.  
 He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine,  
 But he don't lead a jolly life;  
 He has no maid or blooming wife,  
 He has no son to raise his hope—  
 Oh no! I would not be the Pope.  
 3  
 The Sultan better pleases me;  
 His life is full of jollity,  
 His wives are many as he will—  
 I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.  
 4  
 But still he is a wretched man,  
 He must obey the Alkoran,  
 He dare not drink one drop of wine;  
 I would not change his lot for mine.  
 5  
 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,  
 I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;  
 And when my Rhenish wine I tope,  
 Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

# Bull-Dog

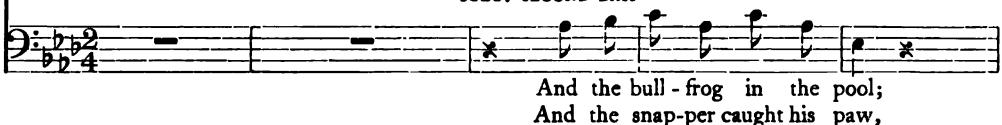
MODERATO

SOLO. FIRST TENOR



1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank!  
2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, Oh! the Oh! the

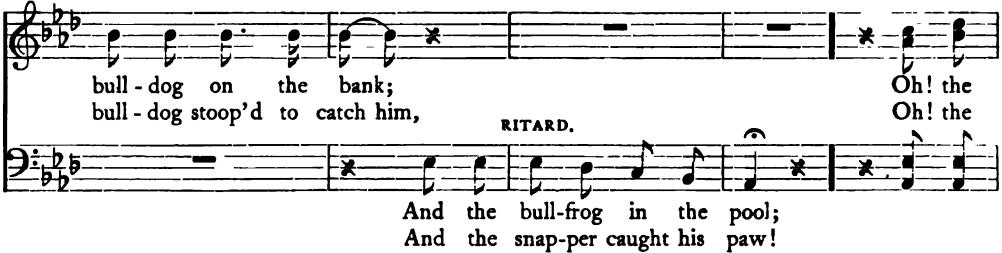
SOLO. SECOND BASS



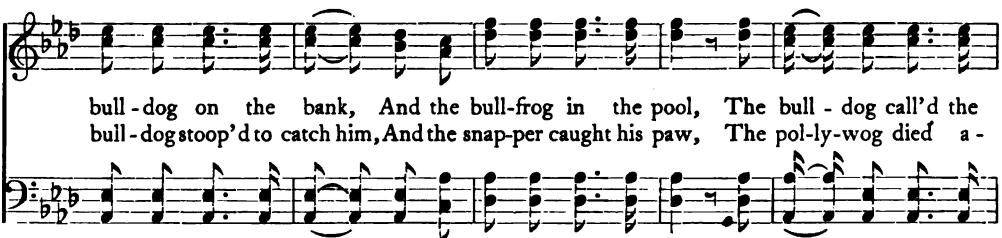
And the bull-frog in the pool;  
And the snap-er caught his paw,

PIÙ ALLEGRO

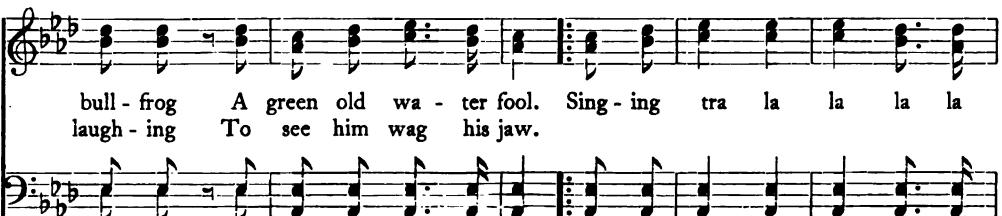
CHORUS



bull-dog on the bank;  
bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, Oh! the Oh! the  
RITARD.  
And the bull-frog in the pool;  
And the snap-er caught his paw!



bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog call'd the  
bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the snap-er caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a -



bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool. Sing-ing tra la la la la la la  
laugh-ing To see him wag his jaw.



la, . Sing-ing tra la la la la la, . Sing-ing tra la la, Sing-ing

## Bull-Dog

REPEAT *pp*

tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la.  
tra la la la.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,  
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"  
"Since you are so very kind,  
I'll take a bottle of ink." CHORUS

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,  
Little Moses in the pool;  
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole,  
And sent him off to school. CHORUS

## Society Song

THOMAS G. SHEPARD

1. When the moon-light gleam - ing With a shim - mer falls, Thro' the tree - tops  
2. Then we quick - ly ral - ly, Sing - ing songs of yore, And im - pa - tient  
stream-ing On these stor - ied walls; Then with foot - steps nim - ble,  
sal - ly From our tem - ple - door; As the lime - lights glit - ter  
Then with hearts a - glow, With the mys - tic sym - bol To our shrine we go.  
On the ea - ger throng, What could then be fit - ter Than our marching song?

From "Penikese," by permission.

# Polly-Wolly

**Solo**

1. I went to a riv - er and I could - n't get a - cross,  
2. A grass - hop - per sit - ting on a rail - road track,

**CHORUS**

Sing pol - ly-wol - ly doo - dle - lol - lie - dey ; I took an old nig - ger and I  
Sing pol - ly-wol - ly doo - dle - lol - lie - dey ; A - pick-ing his teeth with a

**CHORUS**

used him for a horse, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly doo - dle - lol - lie - dey.  
car - pet - tack, Sing Pol - ly - wol - ly doo - dle - lol - lie - dey.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well,  
Fare thee well, fare thee well,

well, my fair - y fay ; I'm gwine to Lou - is - an - na for to

see Miss Su - si - an - na, Sing pol - ly - wol - ly doo - dle - lol - lie - dey.

# Church in the Wildwood



## The Sunday-School Scholar

**Solo**

**Chorus**

**Solo**

1. I am a Sunday-school scholar, lar, lar, lar, I dear-ly love my pa and ma,  
 2. On Sun-day I put away my toys, toys, toys, toys, I nev-er play with naughty boys,

**Chorus**

**Solo**

**Chorus**

**Solo**

ma, ma, ma, I dear-ly love my teach-er true, true, true, true, And  
 boys, boys, boys, For they to wick-ed men will grow, grow, grow, grow, And

**Chorus**

do what-e'er she tells me to, to, to, to. Teach - er, teach - er,  
 then I didn't know where they'll go, go, go, go. Teach - er, teach - er,

why am I so hap - py, hap - py, hap - py in my Sun - day - school?

I send my money to Bourra Bourra gar, gar, gar,  
Away off there in Africa so far, far, far,  
I save up all my pennies and my tin, tin, tin,  
The heathen kid to save from sin, sin, sin, sin.

4

When we recite our golden texts so true, true, true,  
 We get tickets all pink and black and blue, blue, blue,  
 We draw a gilt-edged book when we get nine, nine, nine,  
 I'll break the bank when I cash in mine, mine, mine, mine.

I'll have you know that I'm a twin, twin, twin, twin,  
I never used a bended pin, pin, pin, pin,  
I never kick my brother's shin, shin, shin, shin,  
And don't know what it is to sin, sin, sin, sin.

# The Sunday-School Scholar

6

When gentle spring comes on apace, pace, pace, pace,  
You always find me in my place, place, place, place,  
To Sunday-school I hustle pretty quick, quick, quick, quick,  
To get my ticket for the pic-i-nic, nic, nic, nic.

# Nut-Brown Maiden

1. Nut-brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut-brown maid-en, Thou  
hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love!  
The glance in it is mine, love! Nut - brown maid - en, Thou  
hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut-brown maid - en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.

2  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a ruby lip;  
A ruby lip is thine, love!  
The kissing of it's mine, love!  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss,  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a ruby lip.

3  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a slender waist;  
A slender waist is thine, love!  
The arm around it's mine, love!  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a slender waist to clasp,  
Nut-brown maiden,  
Thou hast a slender waist.

# Boolah

SOLO



1. Well, here we are, well, here we are ! Just  
2. Now ain't it a shame, now ain't it a shame, To

VOCAL ACCOMPANIMENT



watch us roll-ing up a score. We'll leave poor Har-vard be-hind so far, They  
do fair Har-vard up so bad? We've done it be-fore, we'll do it oncemore, And



won't want to play us an - y more. We'll roll the score so  
they'll feel ver - y, ver - y sad. We'll roll the score so



*Used by permission of Charles H. Loomis, publisher of "Yale Boolah March"*

## Boolah

ver - y high, That you will hear them sigh, Well-a Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la

Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo !

**CHORUS**

Boo - la, Boo - la, . . . Boo - la, Boo - la, . . . Boo - la, Boo - la, . . . Boo - la,

Boo - la, . . . When we "roughhouse" poor old Har - vard, They will hol - ler . . . Boo - la

[ 27 ]

## Boolah

(SHOUTED)

Boolah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Yale! . . . E - li Yale! . . . Oh! Yale, . . . E - li  
Yale! . . . Oh! Yale, . . . E - li Yale! . . . Oh! Yale, . . . E - li Yale! . . .

## Alma Mater

J. K. LOMBARD, '54

THOS. G. SHEPARD

MAESTOSO

1. A song for old Yale, for brave old Yale, Who hath stood in her glo - ry  
2. In days of old when our fa - thers bold To the hills and the for - ests  
long; Here's hon - or and fame to her rev - 'rend name, And the  
came, At their al - tar fires kin - dled high de - sires In a  
mem'ries that round it throng; There's a thrill in the word that the  
pure . . . and ho - ly flame; 'Mid the tow - er - ing wood like a

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## Alma Mater

heart hath stirred, Though breathed in a maid - en's sigh ; But as  
strip - ling stood, Now so heart - y and strong and hale, Where for

wild on the gale rings the ral - ly of "Yale," And stern as a bat - tle - cry.  
a - ges shall stand as the pride of the land And guard-ian of lib - er - ty—Yale!

Then sing to old Yale, to brave old Yale, Who stands in her pride a - lone ; And

still flour - ish she, like a hale green tree, When a thou-sand years have flown.

3 In soft Southern climes and Arctic rimes,  
By river and vale and dell.  
When wanderers roam and man finds home,  
There her myriad offspring dwell ;  
And the chorus of praise her sons all raise,  
Comes sounding from hill and vale,  
"Till life's sun is set we will never forget,  
But honor and love old Yale."  
Then sing to old Yale, etc.

# Old Cabin Home

1. I am go - ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the  
Mis - sis - sip - pi Riv - er I am go - ing; And I'll  
take my old ban - jo, and I'll sing this lit - tie song, 'Way

CHORUS

down in my old cab - in home. Down in my old cab - in home,

There lies my sis - ter and my broth - er; There lies my wife, she was the  
joy of my life, And the child in the grave with its moth - er.

*By permission of S. Brainard's Sons.*

## Old Cabin Home

AFTER LAST VERSE

Di-nah, don't you go, Di-nah, don't you go Down to the banks of the  
O-hi-o, Di-nah, don't you go, Di-nah, don't you go Down to the O-hi-o.

<sup>2</sup>  
I am going to leave this land, with all this darkey band,  
All the wide world over to roam;  
But when I'm tired and weary, I will lay me down and rest,  
'Way down in my old cabin home.

<sup>3</sup>  
When old age is coming on, and my hair is turning gray,  
I will hang up the banjo all alone;  
And to pass the time away, I will sit down by the fire,  
'Way down in my old cabin home.

## Stars of the Summer Night

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your  
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steepes, Sink, sink in  
gold-en light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, she sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
sil-ver light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, she sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

<sup>3</sup> Wind of the summer night,  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light;  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

<sup>4</sup> Dreams of the summer night,  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch, while, in slumber light,  
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

## Fairy Moonlight

1. Hail to thee, queen of the si - lent night! Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pensive light;  
 2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on through sky, robed in azure dye; We'll

Blithe - ly we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray, Hap - pi - ly pass-ing the hours a - way;  
 laugh and we'll sport while the night-bird sings, Flap-ping the dew from his sa - blewings.

Must we not love the . still - y night, Dressed in her robes of blue and white?  
 Sprites love to sport in the still moon - light, Play with the pearls of shad - 'wy night;

Heav'n'sarch - es ring, stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night! Fair - y  
 Then let us sing, Time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night! Fair - y

moon - light, Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon-light, Fair - y  
 RITARD.

Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y moon - - - - light,

## Fairy Moonlight

moon - light, fair - y moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon - light.  
Fair - y, fair - y, Fair - y moon - light.

RITARD.

## My Comrades

made, My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row; But with - out splendor or par - ade.  
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple tide.""/>

1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy  
2. And when me to my grave you're bring - ing, Then fol - low af - ter, man by  
lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick - bed sink - ing: Be - lieve me, then my end is  
man; Let no sad fun - 'ral bells be ring - ing, But tink - ling glass - es be your  
nigh; But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta - ment's al - read - y  
plan. And on my tomb - stone be in - scrib - ed, "This man was born\*", lived, drank and  
made, My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row; But with - out splendor or par - ade.  
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple tide."

\*Rit. with each word detached.

# Far Away in the South

QUITE SLOW



1. Far a - way in the South a - mong the cot - ton - fields, There's a  
2. And .. where in the South the pick - a - nin - nies lie, There's a



place where I ev - er long to be, Where the mag - no - lia blooms a -  
place where I ev - er long to be, And the mel - ons so sweet are



round the cab - in door, There's a place where I ev - er long to be.  
rip - 'ning on the vine, There's a place where I ev - er long to be.



CHORUS



Give me a home in the dear old South, For fond-ly I love it still; I will



sigh night and day, I long to see a - gain My old cab-in home a-mong the hills.



# Wake, Freshmen, Wake

ALLEGRO

1. The stars bright - ly glanc - ing Be - hold us ad - vanc - ing, And  
2. While some sad - ly pon - der, Still oth - ers will won - der Why

kind - ly smile up - on us from on high; Our sum - mons a - wait - ing, With  
we, their doors in si - lence dead pass by; But, O, for - tu - na - ti! O

hearts loud - ly beat - ing, The Fresh-men trem - bling on their couch - es lie.  
ter - que be - a - ti! Who hear the mys - tic call of Be - ta Xi.

CHORUS

Wake! wake! Fresh - men, wake! Wake while our song smites the sky, For

now, ere we leave you, We heart - i - ly give you A

wel - come in - to Del - ta Be - ta Xi. Xi.

# Amici



1. Our strong band can ne'er be brok - en, Formed in *The - ta Psi*,



Far sur - pass - ing wealth un - spok - en, Sealed by friend - ship's tie.



**CHORUS**  
A - mi - ci us - que ad a - ras, Deep grav - en on each heart,



Shall be found un - wav - 'ring, true, When we from life shall part.



2 Memory's leaflets close shall twine  
Around our hearts for aye,  
And waft us back, o'er life's broad track,  
To pleasures long gone by.

3 College life at best is passing,  
Gilding swiftly by;  
Then let us pledge in word and deed,  
Our love for *Theta Psi*.

# Ivy Song

JOHN D. BURRELL, '81

FRANZ ABT

ANDANTE

1. The eve - ning sun slow shad - ows casts A - bout our part - ing scene, He  
 lin - gers to send bless - ings back Up - on . our I - vy green; Be -  
 side these might - y shel - t'ring walls We leave the slen - der plant, A -  
 gainst rude Win - ter's cut - ting blast, They'll strong pro-tec - tion grant, A -  
 gainst rude Win - ter's cut - ting blast, They'll strong pro - tec - tion grant.  
 pro-tec - tion grant,

2  
 Clasp to thy bosom, Mother Earth,  
 Our Ivy, brave and fair;  
 Yield to its tenderness, we bid,  
 Thy bounties rich and rare;  
 Among its gently fluttering leaves,  
 Let balmy breezes play,  
 And let its vigor be renewed  
 In every cheering ray.

3  
 And so the long, long flight of years  
 Shall see our Ivy here;  
 In strength and beauty shall it grow,  
 And ne'er one leaf be sere;  
 And when, at last, through joy and tears,  
 Our life's course shall be run,  
 The mem'ry it shall still keep green  
 Of dear old 'Eighty-one.

## Son of a Gambolier



1. Oh! Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, Whose fleece was white as snow, And



ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go; . It



fol - lowed her to school one day, Which was a - gainst the rule, For it



made the chil - dren laugh and play To see the lamb at school.



Come, join my hum - ble dit - ty, From Tip - perytown I steer, Like



## Son of a Gambolier .

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I take my la - ger beer, Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I take my whis - key clear, I'm a

ram - bling rake of pov er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier; The

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, The

son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a Gam - bo - lier, Like

ev - 'ry hon - est fel - low, I take my whis - key clear, I'm a

## Son of a Gambolier

ram - bling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gam - bo - lier.

I wish I had a barrel of rum,  
And sugar three hundred pound,  
The college bell to mix it in,  
The clapper to stir it around;  
I'd drink the health of dear old Yale,  
And friends both far and near;  
I'm a rambling rake of poverty,  
And the son of a Gambolier.

And if it is a girl, sir,  
I'll dress her up in blue,  
And sent her out to Saltonstall,  
To coach the freshman crew;  
And if it is a boy, sir,  
I'll put him on the crew,  
And he shall wax the Harvards,  
As his daddy used to do.

## O'Hoolihan

UNISON

1. My name it is O'Hoo - li - han, I'm a man quite in - flu - en - tial; I

2. They made me car - ry all the bats, They near - ly drove me cra - zy; They

mind me bus' - ness, stay at home, Me wants are few and small; But the

put me out in the cen - tre field, I par - a - lyzed them all; I

oth - er day a gang did come, Chuckfull of whis - key, beer and rum; And they

put up medukes to catch a fly, Be ja - bers! it caught me in the eye, And they

dragg'd me out in the boil - ing sun, To play a game of ball.

hung me up on the fence to dry, The day I played base - ball.

3 I took up the bat and I knocked the ball,

I thought, to San Francisky,

And round the bases I did fly,

Three times and a-half, or more,

When all the crowd began to howl,

“O'Hoolihan, you've made a foul!”

And they rubbed me down with a Turkish tow'l,

The day I played base-ball.

4 The reporters came around next day,

And presented me with a medal;

They asked for my photography,

To hang upon the wall; [game.]

Says they, “Young man, you've won the

Me head was broke, and me shoulder lame,

And they carried me home in the cattle-train,

The day I played base-ball.

# The Dutch Company

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,  
Then you may know that the Deitch have come ; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the  
best com - pa - ny That ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny.

2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then  
comes the la - ger beer, For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the  
best com - pa - ny That ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - ma - ny.

# Tourelay

SOLO



1. Oh! pa - pa is out break - ing rocks on the street, And ba - by is sleep-ing so
2. When pa - pa has gum-drops and ba - by has none, If pa - pa is fool - ish and

CHORUS



co - sy and sweet; Oh ba - by, don't cry now, but be ver - y goot, And when  
gives ba - by one, When four o' - clock comes, and the child sleeps no more, Then



CHORUS



pa - pa comes home he'll bring you ci - ga - root. Tou - re - lay, . . . tou - re -  
pa - pa stays up all night pac - ing the floor!

Tou-re-lay,



## Tourelay

With my fil - la - ga dee - sha, skin - a - ma -  
tou - re - lay, With my fil - la - ga dee - sha, skin - a - ma -

roo - sha, bal - der - al - da boom ta - de - ay, Tou - re - lay, . . .  
roo - sha, bal - der - al - da boom ta - de - ay, Tou - re -

tou - re - lay, . . . And the pride of the house is pa - pa's ba - bie.  
lay, tou - re - lay, And the pride of the house is pa - pa's ba - bie.

# Jolly Life

F. B. KELLOGG, '83

**SOLO**

**WARBLE**

**SOLO**

1. Up, my lads, and sing! Let the ech - oes ring! Tra la la la la la . Care, we  
 2. While to - geth - er we Live this life so free, Tra la la la la la . And with

**CHORUS**

La la la la, etc.

**WARBLE**

bid thee fly, To thy dun-geon hie. Tra la la la la la la.  
 mi - ser hand, Grasp its glid - ing sand, Tra la la la la la la.

**SOLO**

**WARBLE**

Heart and hand we stand, One u - nit - ed band, Tra la la la la la  
 Let us hold, as gold, Ev - 'ry mo - ment told, Tra la la la la la

**WARBLE**

[44]

## Jolly Life

## Summer Idyl

22

We sat by the riv - er, you and I, ( SPOKEN ALL. ) In the  
You and I, dear mother,

mf

sweet sum - mer - time, long a - go, ( SPOKEN ALL. ) And  
Long ago, dear mother.

ff

gen - tly the wa - ters glid - ed by, ( SPOKEN ALL. ) Mak - ing  
Glided by, dear mother.

ff

mu - sic in their tran - quil flow. ( SPOKEN ALL. ) Ah ( SPOKEN WITH RISING  
And you never saw such INFLECTION. )  
an'mm ah! tranquil flow there,  
before, dear mother. Ssss! boom!

# Drinking-Song

**SOLO**

1. Should for - tune prove un - kind, Should for - tune prove un - fair, A  
2. Should the girl who owns your heart Prove faith - less and un - true, And

**CHORUS**

cure I have in mind That will drive a - way all care, For  
bid you to de - spair, Don't let that make you blue, For

all the joys of life Are no - thing but a snare.  
all will be for - got In a jo - vial glass or two.

## Drinking-Song

CHORUS

So let your glass - es gai - ly clink, clink, clink, clink, For to-night we  
will be mer - ry, For to - night we will be mer - ry As the ro - sy  
night we will be mer - ry As the  
wine we drink, the ro - sy wine we drink! For to-night we will be mer - ry,  
ro - sy wine we drink! yes, For to - night we  
For to-night we will be mer - ry As the ro - sy wine we drink, the  
will be mer - ry As the ro - sy  
ro - sy wine we drink! So let our glass - es clink, clink, clink, clink,  
wine we drink!  
As the ro - sy wine we drink, As the ro - sy wine we . drink!

# Gaudeamus

## CHORUS

1. Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus;  
 2. U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos In mun-do fu-e-re?  
 3. Vi-ta nos-tra bre-vis est, Bre-vi fi-ni-e-tur;

## QUARTET

Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus;  
 U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos In mun-do fu-e-re?  
 Vi-ta nos-tra bre-vis est, Bre-vi fi-ni-e-tur;

## CHORUS

Post ju-cun-dam ju-ven-tu-tem, Post mo-les-tam se-nec-tu-tem,  
 Trans-e-as ad su-pe-ros, Ab-e-as ad in-fe-ros,  
 Ve-nit mors ve-lo-ci-ter, Ra-pit nos a-tro-ci-ter.

Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, nos ha-be-bit hu-mus,  
 Quos si vis vi-de-re, quos si vis vi-de-re,  
 Ne-mi-ni par-ce-tur, ne-mi-ni par-ce-tur.

4  
 Vivat academia,  
 Vivant professores,  
 Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
 Vivant membra quælibet,  
 Semper sint in flore.

5  
 Vivant omnes virgines,  
 Faciles, formosæ,  
 Vivant et mulieres,  
 Teneræ amabiles,  
 Bonæ laboriosæ.

## Gaudeamus

6

Vivat et respublica,  
Et qui illam regit,  
Vivat nostra civitas,  
Mæcenatum caritas,  
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7

Pereat tristitia,  
Pereant osores,  
Pereat diabolus,  
Quivis antiburschius,  
Atque irrisores.

8

Quis confluxus hodie  
Academicorum?  
E longinquo convenerunt  
Protinusque successerunt  
In commune forum.

9

Alma Mater floreat,  
Quæ nos educavit,  
Caros et commilitones,  
Dissitas in regiones  
Sparsos congregavit.

## Lauriger Horatius

*p*

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum,

CRES.

Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us Tem - pus e - dax re - rum.

**CHORUS**

*f*

U - bi sunt, O po - cu - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,

**DIM.**

Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tes pu - cl - lae.

2

Crescit uva molliter,  
Et puella crescit,  
Sed poeta turpiter,  
Sitiens canescit. **CHORUS**

3

Quid juvat æternitas  
Nominis ; amare  
Nisi terræ filias  
Licet, et potare! **CHORUS**

# Lauriger Horatius

AIR FROM "I PURITANI"



1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum,  
CHO. U - bi sunt, O po - cu - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,

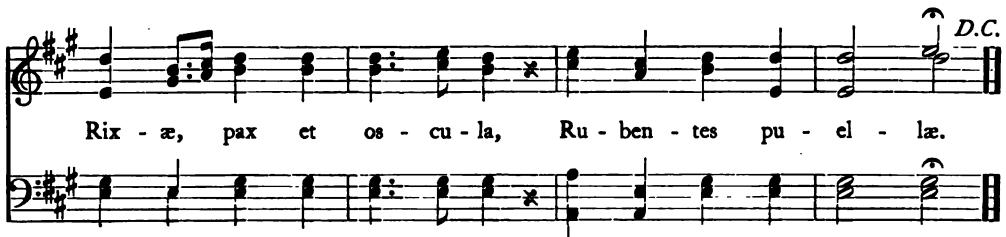


Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us Tem - pus e - dax re - rum.  
Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tes . . pu - el - læ.

FINE



U - bi sunt, O po - cu - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,



2

Crescit uva molliter,  
Et puella crescit,  
Sed poeta turpiter,  
Sitiens canescit.

CHORUS

3

Quid juvat æternitas  
Nominis ; amare  
Nisi terræ filias  
Licet, et potare !

CHORUS

# Come, Rally To-Night

1. Come, ral - ly to - night, my boys, sing of old Yale, Her fame is our  
2. All hail to the friend - ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm - er  
3. As green as the I - vy when chill - ing snows fall, Those hearts in the

glo - ry, our love can - not fail, What - ev - er be - tide her, we're loy - al and  
grow as the hap - py years run; Let sor - row's cloud gath - er, we'll laugh as it  
win - ter of life shall re - call The fair hours of youth, and with heart - i - est

RIT. A TEMPO

sure, We'll war - ble her prais - es while life shall en -  
low - ers, Light - heart - ed and gay as this war - ble of  
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Yale, for their hap - pi - est

WARBLE

dure.  
ours.  
days.

[ 51 ]

# Serenade

ENGLISH WORDS BY F. B. KELLOGG, '83

J. BESCHNITT

ANDANTE

BARITONE SOLO

CHORUS

1. Mant-ling shade, hill and glade Veils in shadow, hush'd and  
2. La - dy fair, with gold-en hair Wreathing temples pure as

*Humming* *pp*

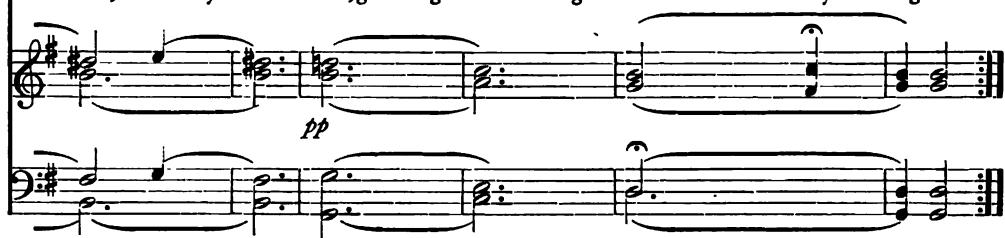
deep, While each nest, safe at rest, Lulls its ten - der charge to sleep.  
snow, Slum - ber light thro' the night, While we guard thee here be - low.

Now the ris - ing moon is rend-ing Flee - cy clouds, its soft rays send-ing  
May thy sweet rest be un - brok-en, Save by faith - ful lov - er's to - ken,

Thro' the shim'ring leaf - lets wend - ing Down to dew - y earth their way ; Sil - ver  
'Neath thy chamber win - dow spok - en, Ming-ling with thine air - y dream. Vi - sions

[ 52 ]

## Serenade



## Integer Vitæ

LIB. ODA XXII. Q. HORATII FLACCI



# Over the Banister

BARITONE SOLO

The musical score consists of four staves of music for Baritone Solo. The first staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and common key (indicated by a 'G'). The second staff begins in common time and common key. The third staff begins in common time and common key. The fourth staff begins in common time and common key. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Over the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -  
guil - ing. While be - low her with ten - der grace, He  
watch - es the pict - ure smil - - ing; The light burns dim in the hall be -  
low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing, Say - ing good -

## Over the Banister

night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.

2 Nobody:—only those eyes of brown,  
Tender and full of meaning,  
Gaze on the loveliest face in town,  
Over the banister leaning.  
Timid and tired with downcast eyes,  
I wonder why she lingers;  
After all the good-nights are said,  
Somebody holds her fingers.

3 Holds her fingers and draws her down,  
Suddenly growing bolder,  
Till her lovely hair lets its masses down,  
Like a mantle over his shoulder.  
There's a question asked, a swift caress,  
She has fled like a bird from the stairway,  
But over the banister comes a "yes,"  
That brightens the world for him, alway.

## Sister and I

1. We love to go to Sun - day school, S-ter and I, S-ter and I; And  
2. Our teach - er, too, we dear - ly love, S-ter and I, S-ter and I; She  
be the weath-er foul or fair, We pur - pose to be al - ways there, And  
kind - ly takes us by the hand, And points us to the bet - ter land, And

A - - - men.

RIT.

lis - ten to the op - 'ning pray'r, S-ter and I, S-ter and I.  
tries to make us un - der - stand, S-ter and I, S-ter and I.

RIT.

A - - - men.

# Michael Roy

Solo



1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there once did dwell A maid - en known to fame, . . . Her  
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc-Clus - ky was his name, . . . His

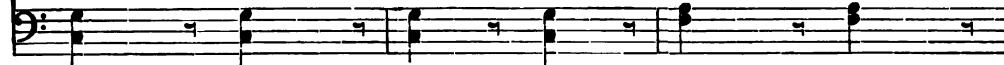
Chorus



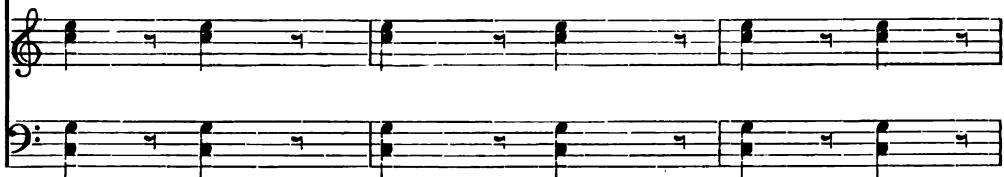
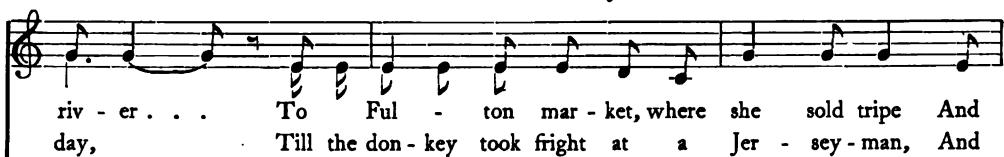
moth - er's name was Ma - ry Ann, And hers was Ma - ry Jane ; And  
fight - in' weight was seven stone ten, And he lov'd sweet Ma - ry Jane ; He



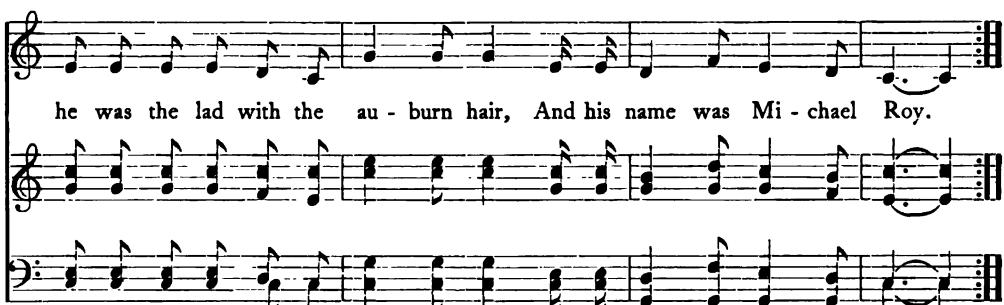
ev - 'ry Sat - ur - day morn - ing She used to go o - ver the  
took her to ride in his char - coal cart, All on a St. Pat - rick's



## Michael Roy



### CHORUS



3

McClusky hollered and shouted in vain,  
For the donkey wouldn't stop;  
He threw Mary Jane right over his head  
Slap into a policy shop.  
When McClusky saw the horrible sight,  
His heart was moved to pity,  
He stabbed his mule with a caraway seed,  
And started for Salt Lake City. CHORUS

4

Now all young ladies take warn-i-ing  
From the fate of Mary Jane,  
And never get into a charcoal cart  
Unless you get out again.  
For the latest news from over the plains,  
Comes straight from Salt Lake City,  
McClusky, he has got forty-nine wives,  
And he's truly an object of pity. CHORUS

# Serenade

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

MODERATO

BARITONE SOLO

F. B. TOURTELLOT

1. I a - rise from dreams of thee      In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing  
 low,      And the stars are shin-ing bright:      I a - rise from dreams of thee,      And a  
 spir - it in my feet      Hath led me, who know how? To thy chamber win-dow, Sweet !

2  
 The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream—  
 And the Champak's odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart ;—  
 As I must on thine,  
 O ! beloved as thou art !

3  
 O lift me from the grass !  
 I die ! I faint ! I fail !  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
 My heart beats loud and fast ;—  
 Oh ! press it to thine own again,  
 Where it will break at last.

# The Young Lover

TRANSLATION BY F. B. KELLOGG

T. KOSCHAT

SLOW AND SOFT

*pp* POCO RIT.

1. Dear-est maid, be shy, Let no boy come nigh, For the boys { you know are ver - y  
2. I have known thee long, When with flow'rs and song, In the fields { we to - geth - er here we

POCO RIT.

wild, But a - lone to mine Should'st thy heart in - cline, When to  
played, In the heath - er sweet, Where the lamb - kins eat, Have I

*mf* A TEMPO

thee I come, my dar - ling child. Than my love for thee, No great - er  
roam'd with thee, a lit - tle maid. Now that all is o'er, A child thou

RIT.

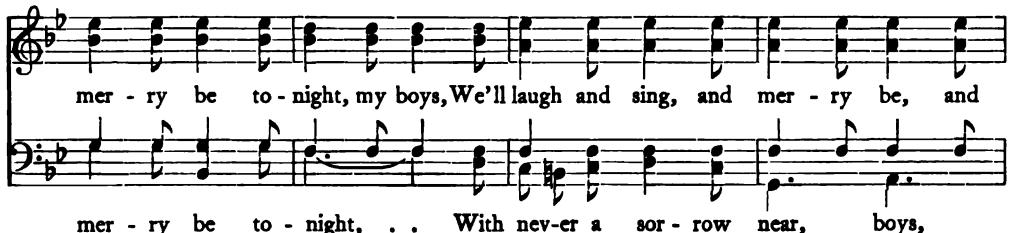
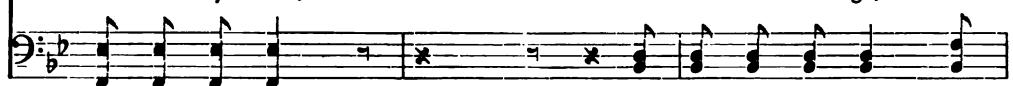
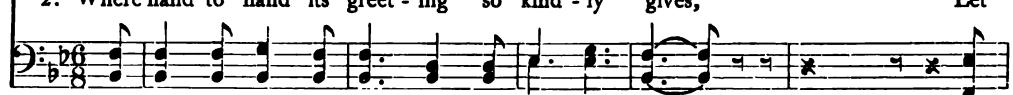
can there be, Thy im - age in my heart shall (ev - er) stay, For thy sake would I  
art no more, The love-liest maid-en thou in (all the) town, Tho' thy moth - er sigh,

POCO RIT.

Be glad e'en now to die, God knows it well, Who sees my heart al - way.  
Tho' all the world de - ny, My heart will break, if thou art not my own.

# We Meet Again To-night

Let mel-o-dy flow, .



By permission of S. Brainard's Sons

## We Meet Again To-night

mer - ry be to - night, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and  
 nev - er a fall - ing tear: We'll laugh . . . and sing, . . . and

mer - ry be to - night, my boys, And mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, and  
 mer - ry be to - night, . . . With nev - er a sor - row near, boys,

mer - ry be. . . Wel - come the time, my boys, we meet a - gain.

## Bohunkus

There was a farm - er had two sons, And these two sons were broth - ers, Bo -  
 hunk - us was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the oth - er's.

2 Now, these two boys had suits of clothes,  
 And they were made for Sunday,  
 Bohunkus wore his every day,  
 Josephus his on Monday.

3 Now, these two boys to the theatre went,  
 Whenever they saw fit,  
 Bohunkus in the gallery sat,  
 Josephus in the pit.

4 Now, these two boys are dead and gone,  
 Long may their ashes rest!  
 Bohunkus of the cholera died,  
 Josephus, by request.

5 Now, these two boys their story told,  
 And they did tell it well,  
 Bohunkus, he to heaven went,  
 Josephus, he to — Sing-sing.

# Down by the Riverside

SOLO

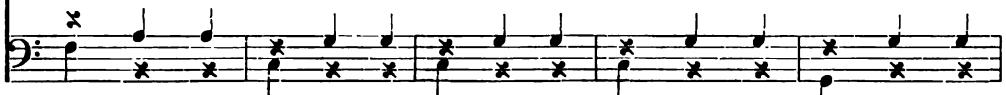


1. A man and a maid went a - row - ing, . . . All on a  
2. At Yale we have co - ed - u - ca - tion, . . . The girls toy with

CHORUS



fine sum - mer day ; . . . . The man made love to the  
Lat - in and Greek ; . . . . And you should just see them flunk



maid - en, . . . While the oars float - ed soft - ly a - way ; . . . . And  
bad - ly, . . . At least four days in the week ; . . . . We



## Down by the Riverside

then they were left on the wa - ter, . . .      Wa-t'ry tears filled their  
sit by their side in the class - room, . . .      Clasp - ing their

lit - tle ca - noe; . . .      For they both start - ed to boo -  
hands in our own; . . .      O - ver this state we now moan,

hoo, Down by the riv - er - side. . . .      Down by the riv - er -  
moan, Down by the riv - er - side. . . .      Down by the riv - er -

[ 63 ]

## Down by the Riverside

side, . . . Down by the riv - er - side, . . . He sighed and she sighed, And  
 side, . . . Down by the riv - er - side, . . . He sighed and she sighed, And

RITARD. A TEMPO  
 then they sighed side by side, Down by the riv - er - side. . .  
 RITARD. A TEMPO  
 then they sighed side by side, Down by the riv - er - side. . .

3  
 One day I went out to the races,  
 I thought that the horses I knew;  
 I thought I would win a small fortune,  
 By risking a dollar or two;  
 I picked an old nag for a winner,  
 O hark to my story of woe;  
 My horse could not go, he was so slow,  
 Down by the riverside.

4  
 We're invited to visit Chicago,  
 And warble in classical Greek;  
 To sing at the great exposition,  
 A side show, with fakir and freak;  
 But we will at Tarrytown tarry,  
 Tariers always are we;  
 At Tarrytown tarry and sing-sing,  
 Down by the riverside.

CHORUS. Down by the riverside,  
 Down by the riverside,  
 I bet and he bet,  
 But my bets are bad debts yet  
 Down by the riverside.

CHORUS. Down by the riverside,  
 Down by the riverside,  
 We go and you go,  
 So "all out for Chi-ca-go,"  
 Down by the riverside.

# Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl



1. Land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver,



Land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver;



## CHORUS



For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer - ry be,



For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll get so - ber.



2

The man that drinks good whiskey punch,  
And goes to bed right mellow, [REPEAT.]

CHORUS. Lives as he ought to live,  
And dies a jolly good fellow.

3

The man who drinks cold water pure,  
And goes to bed quite sober, [REPEAT.]

CHORUS. Falls as the leaves do fall  
So early in October.

4

But he who drinks just what he likes,  
And getteth "half-seas over," [REPEAT.]

CHORUS. Will live until he dies, perhaps,  
And then lie down in clover.

# Constantinople

SOLO

1. Kind friends, your pit - y pray be-stow On one who stands be - fore you, And

lis - ten to my tail of woe, Tho' I prom - ise not to bore you. I

longed to be a sol-dier's bride, In my heart there burnt am - bi-tion's flame, For I

lov'd a gay young Colonel who From Con - stan-ti - no - ple came. Con- stan - ti -

[ 66 ]

## Constantinople

no - ple, Con - stan - ti - no - ple, Con - stan - ti - no - ple, the Colonel came.

CHORUS

Oh, then it's C, O, N, with a Con, with S, T, A, N, with a stan, with a

Con - stan, T, I, ti, with a Con - stan - ti, N, O, no, with a no, with a

Con - stan - ti - no, P, L, E, with a pull, Con - stan - ti - no - ple.

2 I met the Colonel at a ball,  
 To him I was presented;  
 Upon his knees the youth did fall,  
 And lots of stuff invented.  
 He said he was a Turkish Prince,  
 And begged that I would bear his name,  
 So I accepted the young Colonel who  
 From Constantinople came. CHORUS.

3 One evening while we sat at tea,  
 We'd a visit most informal;  
 The police came, and, gracious me,  
 They took away the Colonel.  
 I soon found he a swindler was  
 And long had carried on that game,  
 And so I lost my Colonel, who  
 From Constantinople came CHORUS.

# Rosalie

**Solo**

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

**CHORUS**

I'm Pier - re de Bon - ton de Par - ee, de Par - ee, I drink the di -

vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie, When I walk in the park, All my friends they re -

mark, Com - ment ce va, Mon cher a - mi. . . . But I care . not what

oth - ers may say, I love my Ros - a - lie, . . . Pret - ty Rose, .

The musical score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows a solo part (treble clef, 3/4 time, key of B major) and a chorus part (bass clef, 4/4 time, key of B major). The lyrics for the solo part are: 'I'm Pier - re de Bon - ton de Par - ee, de Par - ee, I drink the di -'. The second system shows the chorus part only. The third system shows the solo part again with lyrics: 'vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie, When I walk in the park, All my friends they re -'. The fourth system shows the chorus part. The fifth system shows the solo part again with lyrics: 'mark, Com - ment ce va, Mon cher a - mi. . . . But I care . not what'. The sixth system shows the chorus part. The seventh system shows the solo part again with lyrics: 'oth - ers may say, I love my Ros - a - lie, . . . Pret - ty Rose, .'. The eighth system shows the chorus part. The score uses a mix of standard musical notation and 'x' marks to indicate specific performance techniques.

## Rosalie

1  
I'm Pierre de Bonton de Paree, de Paree,  
I'm called by les dames très joli, très joli,  
When I ride out each day, in my little coupé,  
I tell you I'm something to see.

2  
I go to the fête de Marquise, de Marquise,  
I go and make love at my ease, at my ease,  
I go to her père and demand for my own  
The hand of my sweet Rosalie.

## Why Doth the Fresh?\*

\* In singing this Round divide the chorus into three parts as nearly equal as possible. As one part reaches the figure 2, the second part begins at 1, and as they proceed until the second reaches 2, the third part begins at 1. Each part goes through the Round twice and then repeats the first strain until all parts have sung the first strain through in unison, and then all go to the Coda.

# Little Knot of Blue

DR. SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

THOS. G. SHEPARD

1. She hath no gems of lus - tre bright, To spark - le in her  
2. I met her down the shad - owed lane .. Be -neath the ap - ple -

hair; No need hath she of bor - rowed light To make her beau - ty rare; Up - on her  
tree; The balm - y blos-soms fell like rain Up - on my love and me; And what I

shin - ing locks, her shin - ing locks of gold, Are dai - sies wet .. with  
said, and what I said, and what I did That morn, I nev - er

dew; And, peep - ing from her lis - some throat, A lit - tle knot .. of blue.  
knew, But to my breast there came and hid A lit - tle knot .. of blue.

And, peep - ing from her lis - some  
But to my breast there came .. and

A dain - ty knot of blue, A rib - bon blithe of hue, A lit - tle knot of  
A lit - tle knot of blue, A love-knot strong and true, A lit - tle knot of

By permission

## Little Knot of Blue

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are: "blue, It fills my dreams with sun - ny gleams, . That lit - le knot of blue. blue, 'Twill hold my heart till life shall part, . . That lit - le knot of blue." The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

## Who Did

A musical score for 'Dan-iel' in G minor, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are soprano voices, and the last two are bass voices. The lyrics are: 'Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel in the li - li - li - li, Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel in the li - li - li - li, Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel, Dan-iel in the li - li - li - li, Dan-iel in the li - ons' Dan-iel in the li - ons' den.' The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

2

1

**Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel,** Who did, who did, who did, who did,  
**Gabriel, blow your trumpet, trumpet, trumpet, trumpet,** Who did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,  
**Gabriel, blow your trumpet loud.** Who did swallow Jonah down?

2

9

Peter, Peter, Peter,  
Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea,  
Peter walking on the sea.

Whale did, whale did, whale did, whale did,  
Whale did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,  
Whale did swallow Jonah up.

# My Old Kentucky Home

WORDS AND MUSIC BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER  
NEWLY HARMONIZED

**SOLO**

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are  
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the

**CHORUS**

gay, The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the  
shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the

birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All  
bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With

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# My Old Kentucky Home

mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n' - by Hard Times comes a -  
sor - row, where all was de - light, The time has come when the

knock - ing at the door, Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night.  
dark - ies have to part: Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night.

**CHORUS**

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the  
old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home far a - way.

3

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go,  
A few more days and the trouble all will end,  
In the fields where the sugar-canies grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light,  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.  
**CHORUS.** Weep no more, etc.

# I've Lost My Poodle

I've lost my poo - dle, poor lit tle dog - gie,

I've lost my poo - dle, they all cried out.

**CHORUS**

W, . . . H, O, who, with a who, S, T, O, L, who stole my  
poo - dle; D, O, G, with a dog, S, T, O, L, with a stole, who  
stole my poo - dle dog - gie? W, . . . H, O, who, with a who, S, T, O,

## I've Lost My Poodle

L, who stole my poo - dle; D, O, G, with a dog, S, T, O,  
L, with a stole, who stole my poo - dle dog? I've found my poo - dle,  
(Spoken, 2d Bass.)  
Hooray!

REPEAT CHORUS

poor lit - tle dog - gie, I've found my poo - dle, they all cried out.

## Mary Had a Little Lamb

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,

Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, His fleece was white as snow; And

## Mary Had a Little Lamb

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef, G major (two sharps), and common time. The lyrics 'ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,' are written below the notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major (no sharps or flats), and common time. The notes are quarter notes and eighth notes.

A musical score for two voices in G major, 2/4 time. The top staff is for the soprano (soprano) and the bottom staff is for the bass (bass). The lyrics are: "ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go. Baa! . . ." The music consists of eighth-note chords. The bass part has a sustained note on the first 'Baa!' and a fermata on the second 'Baa!'.

A musical score for a two-part vocal piece. The top staff is in G major with a common time signature, featuring a soprano vocal line. The lyrics 'Baa!' are repeated six times, each preceded by a fermata. The bottom staff is in G major with a common time signature, featuring an alto vocal line. The lyrics 'Baa!' are also repeated, with the fifth and sixth 'Baa!' being followed by '(SPOKEN)' in parentheses. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with some notes marked with an 'x' and a vertical line through them.

A musical score for two voices. The top line is in G major with a common time signature, featuring a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "Whoop de doo - dle, doo - dle doo, doo - dle doo, doo - dle doo," accompanied by a piano or guitar part. The bottom line is in G major with a common time signature, featuring a bass vocal line with lyrics: "Whoop de doo - dle, doo - dle doo, doo - dle doo, doo - dle doo," accompanied by a piano or guitar part.

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Whoop de doo - dle, doo - dle doo, Whoop de doo - dle doo.' are written below the notes. The score consists of two measures of music, followed by a repeat sign and another two measures. The page number [76] is located at the bottom center of the score.

Ned

H. T. KOERNER

III. F. KOCHNER

1. There was a young man named Ned, There was a young man named Ned, There  
 named Ned, named Ned,

was a young man named Ned, named Ned, Who just be - fore go - ing to bed, There

was a young man named Ned, Who just be - fore go - ing to bed,

Ate ver - y much of a cheese that was Dutch, Ate ver - y much of a

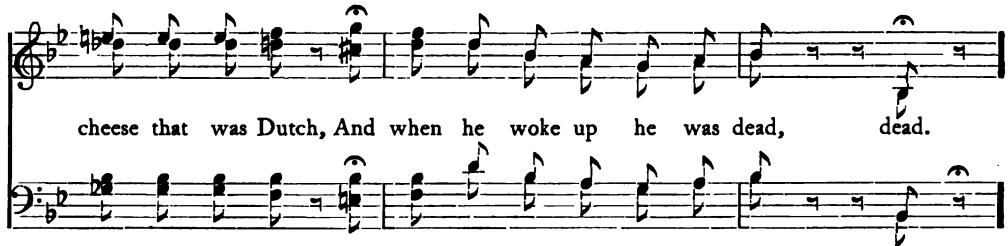
RIT. ^ A TEMPO

cheese that was Dutch. There was a young man named Ned; Who

## Ned



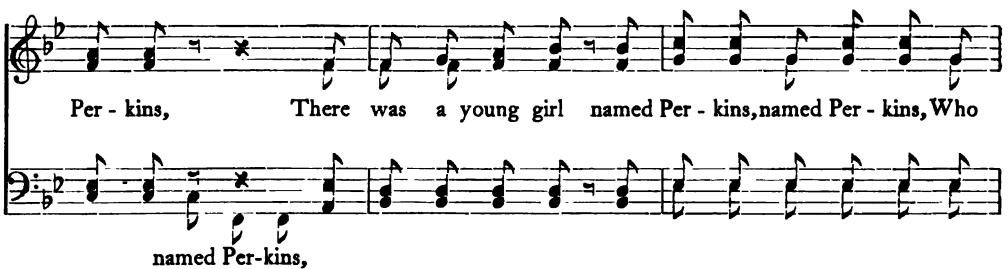
just be - fore go - ing to bed,  
Ate ver - y much of a  
to bed,



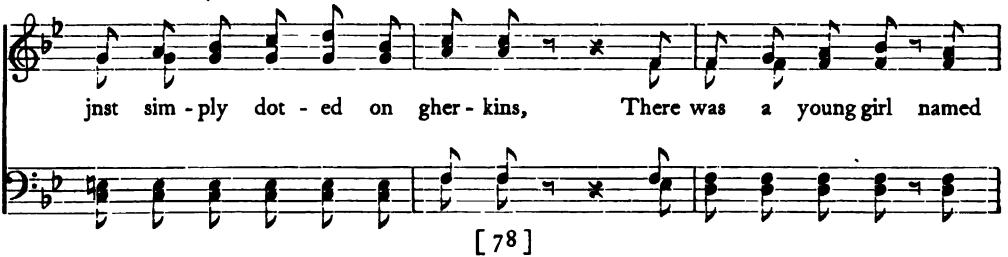
cheese that was Dutch, And when he woke up he was dead, dead.



2. There was a young girl named Per - kins,  
There was a young girl named Per-kins,



Per - kins,  
There was a young girl named Per - kins,named Per - kins,Who  
named Per-kins,

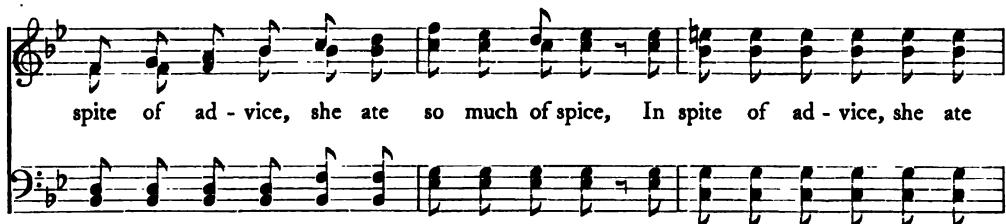


just sim - ply dot - ed on gher - kins,  
There was a young girl named

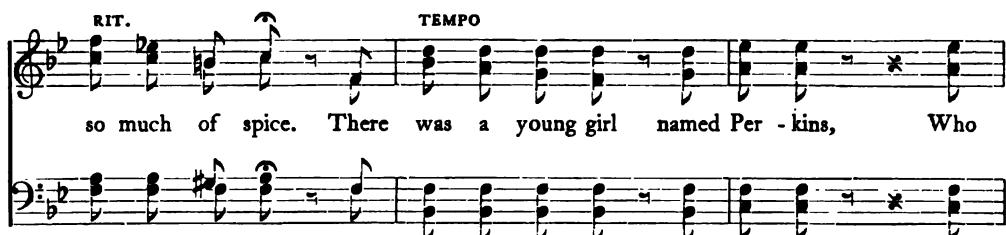
## Ned



Per - kins, Who just sim - ply dot - ed on gher - kins. In



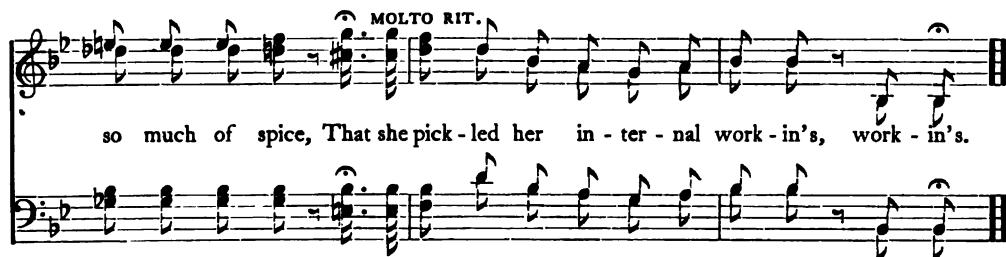
spite of ad - vice, she ate so much of spice, In spite of ad - vice, she ate



RIT. TEMPO  
so much of spice. There was a young girl named Per - kins, Who



just sim - ply dot - ed on gher - kins, In spite of ad - vice, she ate  
on gher - kins,



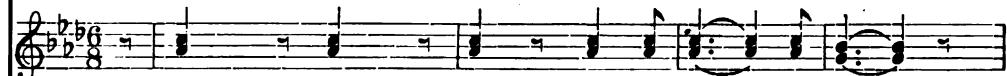
MOLTO RIT.  
so much of spice, That she pick - led her in - ter - nal work - in's, work - in's.

# Prodigal Son

SOLO



1. There was an old man, the sto - ry runs, It does, it does. And  
2. Now one of these boys was a nice young man, He was, he was. Got-ten  
CHORUS



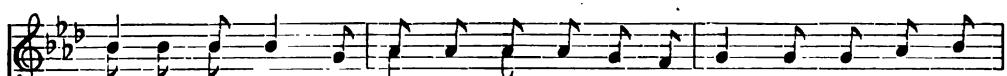
La la la la It does, it does.  
La la la la He was, he was.



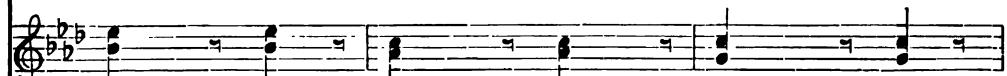
he was the fa - ther of two good-ly sons, He was, he was. He own'd a ranch, so  
up on the Moody and San - key plan, He was, he was. He went around with a



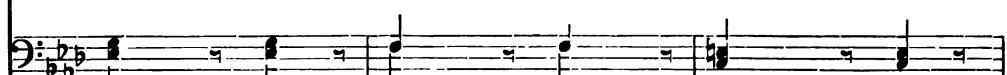
la la la la He was he was. la ia



runs the psalm, Way down by the eld - er Je - ru - sa - lem, The vi -  
ver - y long face, He talked of love and un - dy - ing grace, And he



la la la la la la



## Prodigal Son

3 This other young man was a son of a gun,

CHORUS.— He was, he was.

He went with a crowd of whom he was one,  
CHORUS.— He did, he did.

He wore a loud necktie, a high standing collar,  
He'd go out nights, he'd get drunk and he'd holler,

He was one of the kind that was known as a loller.

CHORUS.— Johnny, fill up the bowl.

4 Now the old man's purse was long and fat,

CHORUS.— It was, it was.

The prodigal son he was on to that,  
CHORUS.— He was, he was.

Likewise the young man with the heavenly smile  
Had his headlights fixed on the old man's pile,  
To come in for a share of it after a while,

CHORUS.— Johnny, fill up the bowl.

5 To divide on the square the old man did his best,

CHORUS.— He did, he did.

The prod took his share and lit out for the West,

CHORUS.— He did, he did.

Went out with the boys, had a high old time,

Woke up next morning with nary a dime,

Sick and forlorn in a foreign clime.

CHORUS.— Johnny, fill up the bowl.

6 The telegraph man in his office sat,

CHORUS.— He did, he did.

When in rushed a bum without any hat,  
CHORUS.— There did, there did.

“ Come, wire a message along the track,  
The prod's out West, but he's coming back,  
Put plenty of veal for one on the rack.”

CHORUS.— Johnny, fill up the bowl.

7 He turned up at home the very next day,

CHORUS.— He did, he did.

Sued his father and brother for time while away,

CHORUS.— He did, he did.

Got judgment and turned the old folks out,

That's the kind of a prod I'm singing about,

That's the kind of a prod for whom I shout, -

CHORUS.— Johnny, fill up the bowl.

## Jolly D. K. E.

1. Of all the star - ry hosts a - bove, We con - se - crate to thee The  
one most ra - di - ant in light, Be - lov - ed D. K. E. For we  
al - ways are so jol - ly, oh! jol - ly, oh! jol - ly, oh! We  
al - ways are so jol - ly, oh! In jol - ly D. K. E. We  
laugh, we sing, we laugh, Ha ! ha ! we sing, ha ! ha ! We laugh, we sing in

[ 82 ]

## Jolly D. K. E.



jol - ly D. K. E.



Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la,



Tra la la la la la la la la,



Slap! Bang! here we are a - gain, here we are a - gain, here we are a - gain,



Slap! Bang! here we are a - gain, In jol - ly D. K. E.

2 And when in after-years we take  
Our children on our knee,  
We'll teach them that the alphabet  
Begins with D. K. E.  
For we always, etc.

# Switzer Boy



FINE



RITARD.



WARBLE. (NO. 1.)



>



# Psi U., Psi U.

1. Come, broth - ers, and a song we'll sing, Psi U., Psi U., And  
 We've gath - ered in our hall to - night, Psi U., Psi U., To

make the lodge - room round us ring, Psi Up - si - lon.  
 leave it with the morn - ing light, Psi Up - si - lon.

There to sing and to speak thy prais - es, Psi U.,

Psi U., To sing and to speak thy prais - es, Psi Up - si - lon.

2

The bright-eyed maiden loves to hear,  
 Psi U., Psi U.,  
 The story of our brave career,  
 Psi Upsilon;  
 And looks upon the man as blest,  
 Psi U., Psi U.,  
 Who wears the diamond on his breast,  
 Psi Upsilon.  
 Then hurrah ! for the Psi U., ladies,  
 Psi Upsilon.

3

Now three times three for all our men,  
 Psi U., Psi U.,  
 And for the ladies two times ten,  
 Psi Upsilon;  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Psi U., Psi U.,  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
 Psi Upsilon.  
 And again we'll sing thy praises,  
 Psi Upsilon.

# Matin Bell

When the matin bell is ring - ing, U - ra - li - o, . U - ra - li -  
 1. { From my rush - y pal - let spring - ing, U - ra - li - o, . U - ra - li -  
 2. { When the day is clos - ing o'er us, U - ra - li - o, . U - ra - li -  
 2. { And the land-scape fades be - fore us, U - ra - li - o, . U - ra - li -

(Omit . . .) o, Fresh as morn - ing light forth I sal - ly, With my  
 (Omit . . .) o, When our mer - ry men quit their mow - ing, And a -  
 sick - le bright, thro' the val - ley, To my dear one gai - ly  
 long the glen horns are blow - ing, Sweet - ly, then, we'll raise the

sing - ing, U - ra - li - o, . U - ra - li - o. Fresh as o.  
 cho - rus, U - ra - li - o, . U - ra - li - o. When our o.

WARBLE (NO. 1)

La la la la, etc.

## Matin Bell



### WARBLE (NO. 2)



# Halli-Hallo

## BARITONE SOLO

1. *Im Wald und auf der Hai - de, da such' ich mei - ne Freu - de, ich bin ein Jä-gers -*  
 1. *Thro' wood and heath pur-su - ing, The sportsman's pleasure woo - ing, A hunts-man bold am*

*mann, ich bin ein Jä-gers - mann. Den Wald und Forst zu he - gen, das*  
 I, . A hunts - man bold am I, . In grove and for - est smil - ing, The

## CHORUS

*Wild - pret zu er - le - gen, mein' Lust hab' ich dar- an, . mein' Lust hab' ich dar- an. .*  
 rab - bit there be - guil - ing, My joy there-in have I, . My joy there-in have I. .

# Halli-Hallo

WHISTLE

WARBLE

TENORS

BASSES

Hal - li, hal - lo, hal - li, hal - lo, mein' Lust hab' ich dar - an, . . . Hal - li, hal - lo, hal - li, hal - lo, mein' Lust hab' ich dar - an. . .

2 Wenn sich die Sonne neiget, .  
 Der feuchte Nebel steiget,  
 ||:Mein Tagwerk ist gethan.:||  
 Dann zieh' ich von der Haide  
 Zur häuslichstilien Freude,  
 ||:Ein froher Jägersmann.:||

2 And when the sun declining,  
 Through rising fog is shining,  
 ||:My day's work then is done;:||  
 From heath and wood then turning,  
 To hearth-fire cheerful burning,  
 ||:Its comfort I have won.:||

# The Dude Who Didn't Dance

ALFRED R. RAYMOND, '88

SOLO

1. I took my charm - ing Dol - ly to the Sen - ior Prom - e - nade, I  
2. I thought I would be fox - y and mo - nop - o - lize her quite,

INSTRUMENTAL ACCOMPANIMENT

waltzed her'round and treat - ed her to punch and lem - on - ade; I  
didn't want an - y oth - er chap to dance with her that night, So I

whis - pered ten - der words of love when - e'er I got a chance; But I'm  
sought and found a man who could not e - ven waltz or dance; Now I'm

sor - ry I in - tro - duced her to the Dude who did - n't dance.

## The Dude Who Didn't Dance.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time. The first two staves are identical, featuring a melody line and a harmonic bass line. The third staff is a harmonic bass line only. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two staves begin with the lyrics: "I shall nev - er for - get my Dol - ly, I shall nev - er for - get her glance, But I'm CHORUS." The third staff begins with "sor - ry I in - troduced her to the Dude who did - n't dance, I shall dance." The score concludes with a final harmonic bass line.

3

I waltzed with other partners then in old Alumni Hall,  
But Dolly's face and figure trim did far surpass them all,  
I sauntered to the chapel steps, and as I did advance  
I saw her madly flirting with the Dude who didn't dance. CHORUS

4

I led her to a corner dim, and on the glassy floor  
I knelt, and vowed my burning love until my throat was sore;  
She only smiled a cruel smile and looked at me askance,  
Egad ! she'd thrown me over for the Dude who didn't dance. CHORUS

5

And now I mean to travel over every sea and land,  
A Gatling gun upon my back, a bomb in either hand;  
I mean to search in Ireland, in England and in France,  
For I'm bound to find and massacre that Dude who didn't dance. CHORUS

6

So when my mission's over, and this Dude is laid to rest,  
The mourning that my Dolly wears will soothe my aching breast;  
I'll help her to inter him, and his tombstone I'll enhance  
With these carved words upon it, "Here's the Dude who didn't dance." CHORUS

# Little Dog

WARBLE



SOLO



1. Oh, where, oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone, Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
2. My lit - tle dog al - ways wag-gles his tail, When-ev - er he wants his grog ;



With his tail cut short and his ears cut long, Oh, where, oh, where can he be? . . .  
And if the tail were stronger than he, Why, the tail would waggle the \_\_\_\_\_

CHORUS ( LEGATO WITH SYLLABLES LIKE THOSE USED BY THE WARBLER )



# 'Neath the Elms

H. BALDWIN

ARR. BY GUSTAVE J. STOECKEL, MUS. D.

1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - - ing,  
 2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - - ing,



1. Winds of night a-round us sigh-ing, In the elm-trees mur-mur low,  
 2. Stars of night in si-lence yearn-ing, Pure and soft as maid-en's eyes, Pure and



1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - - ing,  
 2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - - ing,

Let no  
Sweet the



elm - trees mur - mur low, In the elm - trees mur - mur low, Let no  
soft as maid - en's eyes, Pure and soft as maid - en's eyes, Sweet the



Let no  
Sweet the

rud - er sounds re - ply - ing, Break our  
hour when your re - turn - ing Bids our



rud - er sounds re - ply - ing, Break our hap - py voic - es' flow, Break our  
hour when your re - turn - ing Bids our mer - ry songs a - rise, Bids our



rud - er sounds re - ply - ing, Break our  
hour when your re - turn - ing Bids our

hap - py voic - es' flow.  
mer - ry songs a - rise.

1ST & 2D TENOR.



hap - py, hap - py voic - es' flow.— Tra la la la la. 'Tis a  
mer - ry, mer - ry songs a - rise.— Tra la la la la.

1ST & 2D BASS.



hap - py voic - es' flow.  
mer - ry songs a - rise.

## 'Neath the Elms

SOLI

Tra la la la,  
 Tra la la la.  
 jol - ly life we lead, care and trou - ble we de - fy; Let the short-lived hours  
 speed, Run-ning smoothly, quick - ly by; Till the dark-ness fades a - way, And the  
 Tra la la la.  
 Tra la la la.  
 morn - ing light we hail, We will sing with cheer - ful hearts Songs of home, songs of  
 home, and of Yale, and of dear old Yale. Tra la la la. la. Lis - ten!  
 Lis - ten! Dong,  
 Lis - ten! Ding,

SOLO, 1ST BASS

AD LIB.

## 'Neath the Elms

faint - ly chim - ing, O'er the riv - er's pla - cid breast, Eve - ning  
 dong,dong, dong,dong,dong,dong, dong, dong, dong,dong,dong,dong,dong,dong,dong,  
 ding,ding, ding, ding, ding,ding, ding, ding, ding,ding, ding, ding, ding,ding,ding, ding, ding,  
  
 bells are ring - ing, Call - ing us to rest.  
 dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,dong,dong—Tra la la  
 ding, dong.

**A TEMPO**  
 la. See, the full moon, ris - ing, weaves Robes of light o'er tow'r and hall, Thro' the  
  
 slow - ly lift - ing leaves Sil - ver lanc - es flash and fall. Loud - er yet the cho - rus

## 'Neath the Elms

## 'Neath the Elms

la  
 lanc - es flash and fall. Loud - er yet the cho - rus raise, Friend - ship

la la la la la la la.

*mf* CRES.

lasts when youth must fail; Jol - ly, jol - ly are the days 'Neath the

elms . . . . . of dear old Yale, 'Neath the elms of dear old  
 Yale, of dear old Yale, of dear old Yale. . . .

## B - a -- Ba



2. C - a Ca, Ce - e Ce, C - i Ci, etc.



Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, And



Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, And



when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none.



## B-a-Ba



Hey did - dle did-dle, the cat and the fid - dle, The cow jump'd o - ver the moon, The



lit - tle dog laugh'd to see the sport, And the dish ran a - way with the spoon, the spoon, the



spoon ; And the dish ran a-way with the—Oh, no ; We'll nev-er get drunk an - y more,



Oh, no ; we'll nev - er get drunk an - y more ; Oh, no ; we'll nev-er get drunk an-y



more, Nev-er get drunk, nev- er get drunk, nev - er get drunk an-y more.



# The Old Ark

**Solo** **Chorus**  

1. Jes' wait a lit - tle while till I tell ye 'bout de ole ark, De  
 ole ark a-mov - er - in', a-mov - er - in' a-long: De Lord told No - ah for to  
 build him an ole ark, De ole ark a-mov - er - in', a-mov - er - in' a-long.  
 De ole ark a-mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', de  
 ole ark a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in' a - long.

2 Den Noah an' his sons went to work upon de dry lan',

De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,

Dey built dat ark jes' accordin' to de comman',  
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.

Noah an' his sons went to work upon de timber,  
De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,

De proud began to laugh, an' de silly point deir finger,  
De ole ark a-moverin', etc. **Chorus**

## The Old Ark

3 When de ark was finished jes' accordin' to de plan,  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,  
Massa Noah took in his family, both animal an' man;  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc.  
When de rain began to fall an' de ark began to rise,  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,  
De wicked hung around wid deir groans an' deir cries,  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc. **CHORUS**

4 Forty days an' forty nights, de rain it kep' a-fallin',  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,  
De wicked climb de trees, an' for help dey kep' a-callin';  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc.  
Dat awful rain, she stopped at last, de waters dey subsided,  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc.,  
An' dat ole ark wid all on board, on Ararat she rided,  
    De ole ark a-moverin', etc. **CHORUS**

## Three Little Darkies

1. Three lit - tle dark - ies had a fight, They fit all day and they  
    fit all night, And in the morn - ing they were seen Roll - ing down the Bowl - ing Green.

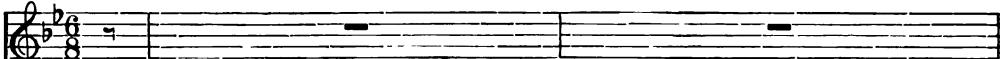
Stead - y on the bob - tail blue - i - ue, Stead - y on the bob - tail blue, And  
    in the morn - ing they were seen, Roll - ing down the Bowl - ing Green.

2 Two little darkies had a fight,  
    They fit all day, etc.

3 One little darkey had a fight,  
    He fit all day, etc.

# Ching-a-ling

WHISTLE

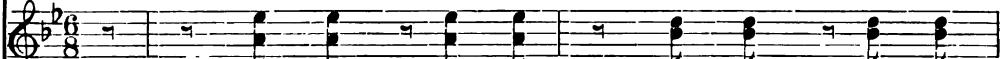


BARITONE SOLO



1. We rev - el in song, In Spain we be - long,  
2. We charm and en - trance All men in the dance,

CHORUS



La, la,



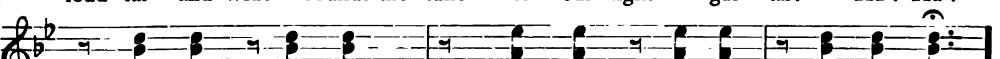
Far o'er the o - cean ; when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the east We re -  
Come they from near us or come they from far ; We dance and we glide, While



la, la,



turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha ! Ha !  
loud far and wide Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha ! Ha !



la, Ha ! Ha !



# Ching-a-Ling

CHORUS

Ching-a-ling -a-ling, ching-a-ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha! These were the words which we

Ching-a-ling -a-ling, ching-a-ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha! These were the words which we

heard from a - far: Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

heard from a - far: Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

Ha, ha, ha! To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

Ha, ha, ha! To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

## Cornfield Medley

**Solo**

Well, I heard a might - y rum - blin' and I didn't know from where, From a -

**CHORUS**

**Quick**

way down yon - der in the corn - field. 'Twas on - 'ly broth - er Ga - briel just a -

**SOLO**

**Chorus**

comb - in' out his hair, . . . From a - way down yon - der in the corn - field.

**Quick**

**Chorus**

**Allegro**

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la. Oh, sin-ners, it won't be

**Solo**

long, Till you hear broth - er Ga - briel go up in the cloud and say: . . .

## Cornfield Medley

Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, Pe - ter, go ring dem bells, Pe - ter, go ring dem bells. I  
heard from heav'n to hail, <sup>8</sup> hail, hail, Je - ru - sa - lem, hail! 'M ha, ha,  
Hail, Je - ru - sa - lem, hail! Han-nah gwine to wake me up so ear - ly in the  
morn - ing. I'se gwine down to the shuck-ing of the corn, And I won't be  
back till I hear the din - ner horn, From a - way down yon - der in the corn - field.

# Jerusalem Morning

SOLO. MODERATO

Talk a - bout Je - ru - sa - lem morn - ing, Yes, good Lord, Talk a - bout Je -

CHORUS

SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

ru - sa - lem morn - ing, Yes, good Lord, Broth - ers, I feel as tho' I

SOLO

want to shout. This re - lig - ion am turn - ing me in - side out.  
*(2d Bass. Spoken.)*  
 Shout on, brother.

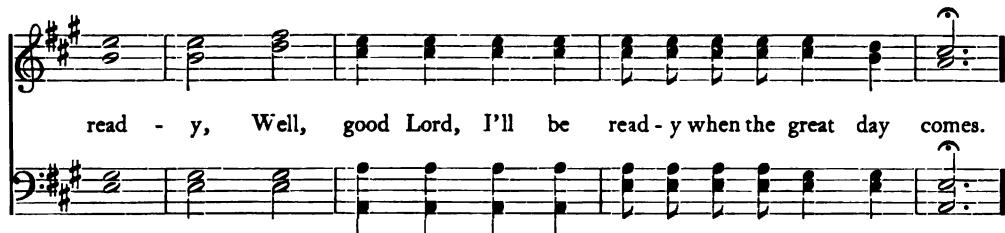
SOLO. FAST

Well, what are you Get your long white robe and your star - ry crown, And be  
 going to do about it?

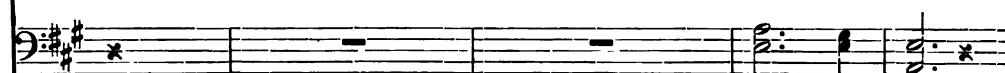
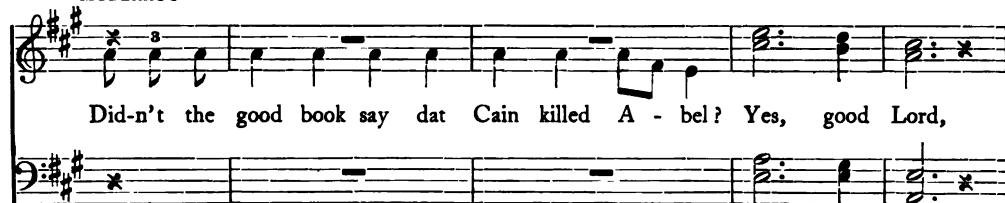
CHORUS

read - y when the great day comes. Good Lord, I'm read - y, In - deed, I'm

# Jerusalem Morning



MODERATO

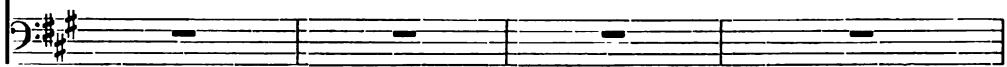


# Jerusalem Morning

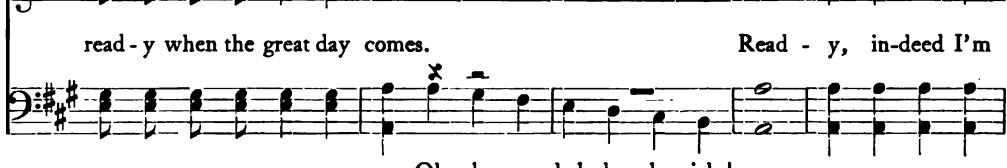
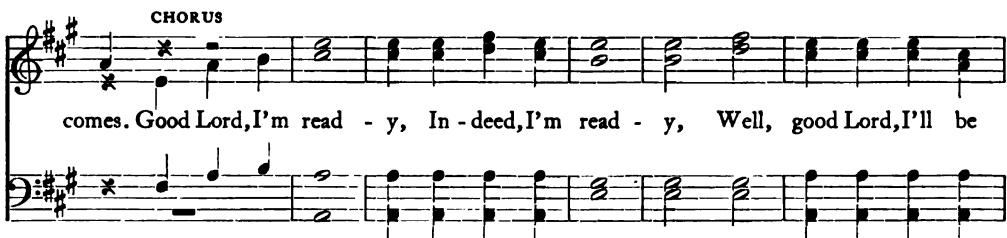


*(Spoken.)*  
What did he do ?

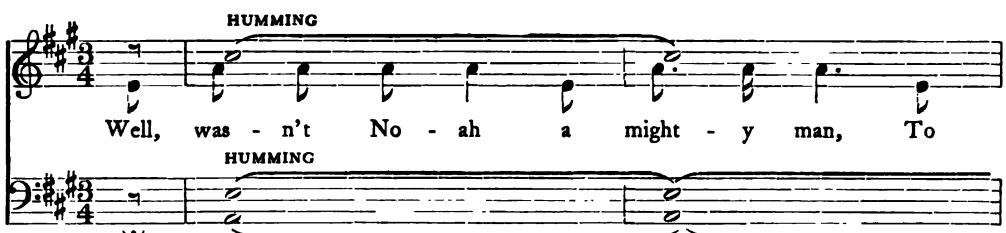
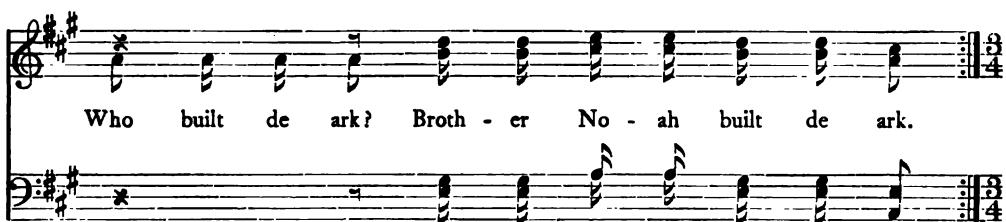
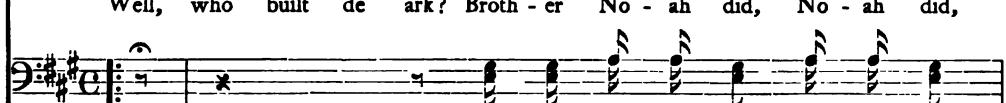
What did he say ?



comes. Good Lord, I'm read - y, In - deed, I'm read - y, Well, good Lord, I'll be



# Who Built de Ark?



## Who Built de Ark?

Who built de ark? Broth-er No - ah did, No - ah did, Who built de ark? Broth-er

No - ah built de ark, Broth-er No - ah built de—Went down town de oth - er night, To

Su - sie Simp - kins' hop, The coons all car - ried ra - zors, Oh,

my, how they did chop! John - ny Jones got in a fight With

slew - foot John - ny Fra - zer, Dey near - ly carved dat coon to death.

## Who Built de Ark?

(Spoken by 2d Bass.)

What was the cause of all 'Cause he had a darn big ra - zor; The  
dis kerflumption?

gals all sighed, and they cried "Oh, my!" They hollered blood - y mur - der, Dey

near - ly carv'd dat coon to death, The coon that had the ra - zor, Dey

carv'd his coat, Dey carv'd his hat, Dey carv'd him to the fat, Dey

near - ly carv'd dat coon to death. 'Cause he had a darn big ra - zor.  
Well! what for did  
dey carve dat coon?

[ \*\*\* ]

# Belinda

SOLO

1. Not a long time to come, I re-mem-ber it well,  
2. This maid had a lov - er, Who near by did dwell,

CHORUS

A - long - side a poor - house a  
A cross - leg - ged ruf - fian and

maid - en did dwell,  
bow - eyed as well ;

She  
Said

## Belinda

lived with her pa-rents, her life was se - rene, Her age it was red and her  
he, "Let us fly by the light of yon star, For you are the eye of my  
hair was nine - teen.  
ap - ple, you are."

LAST VERSE

3

"Oh, no," said the maiden, "be cautious and wise,  
Or my father will scratch out your nails with his eyes ;  
If you really love me, don't bring me disgrace,"  
Said the maid as she buried her hands in her face.

4

But when she refused him he knocked down the maid,  
And silently drew out the knife of his blade ;  
He then cut the throat of the maiden so fair,  
And dragged her around by the head of her hair.

5

Just then her old papa appeared, it appears,  
And gazed on the sad scene with eyes in his tears ;  
He knelt down beside her, her pale face he kissed,  
Then he rushed with his nose at the murderer's fist.

6

He looked at the lover and told him to bolt,  
He drew a horse pistol, 'twas raised from a colt,  
Said he, "Now I die, if I stay, it is true,"  
Said he, "Now I fly," and he flew up the flue.

# Romeo and Juliet

SOLO. SADLY

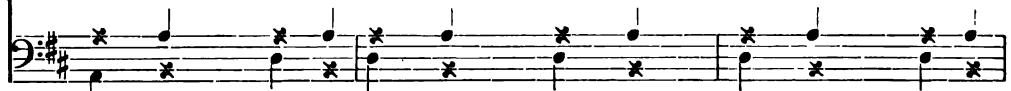
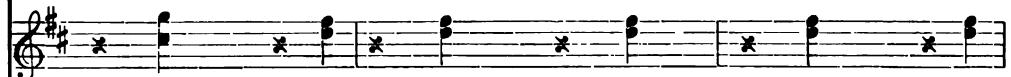


1. Come now, and lis - ten to my tale of woe, Of Ro - me - o  
2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Ro - me - o,

CHORUS



and Ju - li - et, Cribbed out of Shake-speare and reck - ing with woe,  
I'm Ro - me - o, I am that ver - y sus - cep - ti - ble male,



Oh, Ro - me - o and Ju - li - et! Nev - er was sto - ry so  
I'm Ro - me - o, . . . Ro - me - o; Ne'er did a lov - er



## Romeo and Juliet

mourn - ful as that one, If you have tears now pre - pare to get at one,  
dare do as I did, When his best girl to e - ter - ni - ty slid - ed,

Ro-meo's the thin one and Ju - liet's the fat one; Oh, Ro-me - o and Ju - li - et.  
I took cold poi - son and I su - i - cid - ed: I'm Ro-me - o, . . . Ro-me - o.

3

I am the heroine of this tale of woe,  
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet,  
I am the lady who "mashed" Romeo,  
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet;  
Locked in the prison, no pickaxe to force it,  
Nasty old hole, scarce room to stand or sit,  
I up and stabbed myself right through the corset:  
I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet.

4

This of my tale is the short and the long,  
Of Romeo and Juliet,  
This is the moral of my little song,  
Of Romeo and Juliet;  
Lovers, I warn you, always be wary,  
Don't buy your drinks of an apothecary,  
Don't stab yourself in the left pulmonary,  
Like Romeo and Juliet.

# The Hoarse Singers

TRANSLATION BY F. S. SMITH, '79

R. GENÉE

*mf*

1. How ver - y glad we'd be to sing Of ver - y man - y thou - sand  
 2. A song we'd con - se - crate to Beau-ty, Who strews our ev - 'ry path with

*mf*

things, If we were not quite so hoarse!  
 ros - es, If we were not quite so hoarse!

RIT.

Oh, so

RIT. *f* A TEMPO

Oh, so hoarse! How glad we'd tune our - selves to love, And  
 Oh, so hoarse! How glad we'd praise your la - dy's beau-ty, Her

*f* A TEMPO

hoarse! *più f* (Coughing.) (Coughing.)

ev - 'ry oth - er heart's e - mo - tion, Were we not, *hm*, were we not, *hm*,  
 faith, her con - stan - cy, her vir - tue, Were we not, *hm*, were we not, *hm*,

*pp*

If we were not quite, . . . quite so  
 If we were not quite so

[ 116 ] If we were not quite so

# The Hoarse Singers

PIÙ MOSSO

CRES.  
hoarse,  
hoarse,  
If we were not quite

PIÙ MOSSO

hoarse, If we were not quite so

Were we not so hoarse,

so hoarse,  
so hoarse, Oh, if we were not

hoarse, . . . . . Oh, if we were not quite

Oh, if we were not quite so hoarse !

Oh, if we were not quite, not quite so hoarse !  
quite, . . . . . not quite so hoarse !

so hoarse, not quite so hoarse !

*(Cough)* *(Cough)*

ACCEL.  
Tra la la la la la la la la hm, Tra la la hm,

*ff* *(Cough)* *ff* G. P.

Tra la la hm, Tra la la hm, *(Coughing.)* If we were not quite so hoarse !  
G. P.

# March

V. E. BECKER

On, gal-lant com-pa - ny, with measured step and song; While cheerful songs re-sound, the  
Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,  
way is nev-er long. La  
la Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,  
la la la la la la  
Straight a - head, naught shall stay Our tri - umph-ant way; On!  
Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,  
La  
Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,  
Love, joy, and mu - sic, In - vite us  
glorious way. Tra tara ta. La  
Love, joy, and mu - sic.

## March

on - ward. *f*

la la la la. Thus, in jol - ly com-pa - ny, Wander we, light and free, Mak-ing, as we  
In - vite us.

*FINE.*

roam, Each rest-ing-place our home, As we roam, as we roam, as we roam, Ev'ry place our home.

**TRIO**

Shrum, shrum, shrum, shrum, When we wear-y are at night, Beams the cheer-ful  
la la la la la la la

hos - tel light, Quick-ly in, For with-in Good-ly cheer a - waits; . . .  
la la la la la la la

Pret - ty maid-ens whom we meet, Gal - lant-ly we al-ways greet; Ere we part,  
la la la la la la la la la la

## March

Man - y a heart Owns their gen - tle sway. Yes, sway. Hol-la ho! Hol-la  
ho! We're light and free wher-e'er we go! Hol-la ho! Hol-la,  
Hol-la ho! Hol-la ho!

ho! We're light and free wher-e'er we go! Love, and joy, and  
Hol-la ho! Love and joy and

mu - sic, are beck - 'ning us on - ward,  
mu - sic, all in - vite us on - ward, all in - vite us on - ward, Yes, 'tis

Love, and joy, and mu - sic, . . . all in - vite us  
glad - some mu - sic,

March

on - ward! La la

DA CAPO

la la! Hol-la la la la!

# Away Down South

1. A - way down South in old Vir - gin - ny, Long time a - go, A -

way down South in old Vir - gin - ny, Long time a - go,

2

There lived a white man called a nigger,  
Long time ago, [REPEAT.]

4

I shot dat nigger thro' de libber,  
Long time ago, [REPEAT.]

I took my gun and pulled the trigger,  
Long time ago. [REPEAT.]

5

Gosh! how that nigger screamed and hollered,  
Long time ago. [REPEAT.]

6

And this was the end of that poor nigger,  
Long time ago, [REPEAT.]

# Predicaments

ALBERT LEE, '91  
SOLO

H. H. TWEEDY, '91

SOLO

CHORUS

R . . Rum ta - ra - ra Rum ta - ra - ra Rum ta - ra - ra  
3  
ff di - - - mi - - - nu - - - en - - -

I once pro - posed un - to a love - ly maid,

Rum ta - ra - ra, la la la la la la la la Rum ta - ra - ra  
do p

And this was all the an - swer that she made:

Rum ta - ra - ra, la la la la la la la la Rum ta - ra - ra

"I've been en - gaged a year or more, I'm sor - ry, my dear

Rum ta - ra - ra, la la

[ 122 ]

## Predicaments

mis - ter, But tho' I can - not be your wife, I'll be to you a sis - ter."

la la, Rum ta - ra - ra

And now I'm look - ing for a place In

Rum - ta - ra, And that was the an-swer she made! La la la la la la la

which to go and hide my face; Oh, what would you do in such a case, In

la la

such a re - gret - a - ble case? And now I'm look - ing  
la. And now he's look - ing

la la la la Ver - y re - gret - a - ble case, And now he's look - ing

Ver - y re - gret - a - ble case, he's look - ing

## Predicaments

for a place In which to go and hide my face; Oh, what would you do in  
 for a place In which to go and hide his face; Oh, what would you do in

such a case, in such a ver - y re - gret - a - ble case?  
 such a case, in such a ver - y re - gret - a - ble case?  
 RUM ta - ra - ra, Rum ta - ra - ra,

2

Last evening I went out to make a call,  
 I heard her lovely footsteps in the hall,  
 I hid behind a curtain and

When she came in I kissed her—  
 A word will make you understand,  
 It was her married sister.

CHORUS.—He never will call there again!  
 And now I'm looking, etc.

3

I asked a girl to have some soda water,  
 I did, you know, because I thought I oughter;  
 But when the moment came to pay,

I found to my great sorrow,  
 I did not have a cent that day—  
 From her, I had to borrow.

CHORUS.—From the maiden he borrowed a dime!  
 And now I'm looking, etc.

4

Last night, as I was walking down the street,  
 A great big Irishman I chanced to meet;  
 He rudely brushed against my sleeve,  
 An act which I resented,  
 And, as you well may understand,  
 I speedily repented.

CHORUS.—He used me to wipe up the street!  
 And now I'm looking, etc.

## Waltz

**F. A. VOGEL**

Words by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.

## Waltz

## What were the world

with-out dance,

What were the

# Waltz

la la

heave ev 'ry breast. la la

From those lips so

drum,drum,drum,drum, drum, drum, drum, drum,

la la

smil - ing, All my heart be - guil - ing,

drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum,

la la

Could I snatch one fond kiss,

drum, drum, drum, drum, drum,

Dear-est maid-en,dance ev - er with me,

la la la la. la la la la la la

Bliss in - deed were mine. la . . . la la

drum, drum, Dear-est maid-en,dance ev - er with me,

la la la la Dance . . . but with me, with me, x

la la

Dance but with me, with me, . . . . . Dear-est

## Waltz

maid-en, dance ev - er with me, la . . .

maid-en, dance ev - er with me, Dance but with me, with me.

Then my love - - li - est maid - en, With charms . . . rich - ly

Drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, With thee, mine a - lone, . . . can I

la - den, With thee, . . . mine a - lone, . . . can I

drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, hap - py be, so hap - py be.

la la la la la la. Soon, soon, Dance all, hap - py be, so hap - py be.

drum, drum, drum. Soon ends the ball, Dance, one and all, Now the fest - ive dance is o'er,

dance, dance, dance. La la la la la la la la

Dance, one and all, yes, dance, yes, dance. Drum, drum, drum,

## Waltz

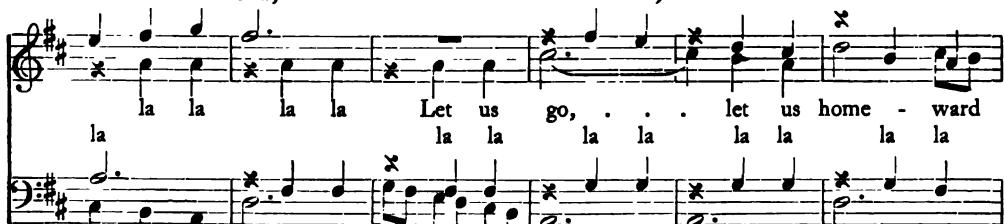
Grant, sweet en-slav - er, On-ly one fa - vor; But one rose, I'll ask no



drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum,  
more, Give me as pledge of thine, Thou wilt be mine. Now the gay, fest - ive



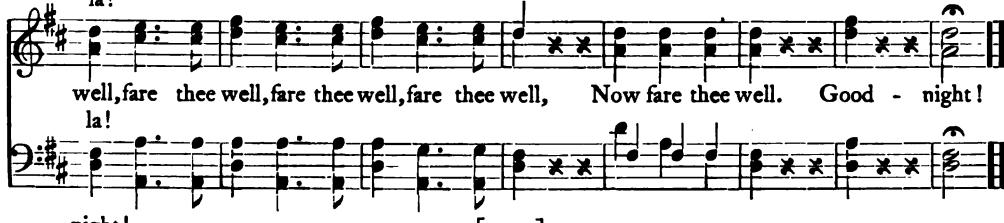
hour's at an end; Let us, let us home - ward

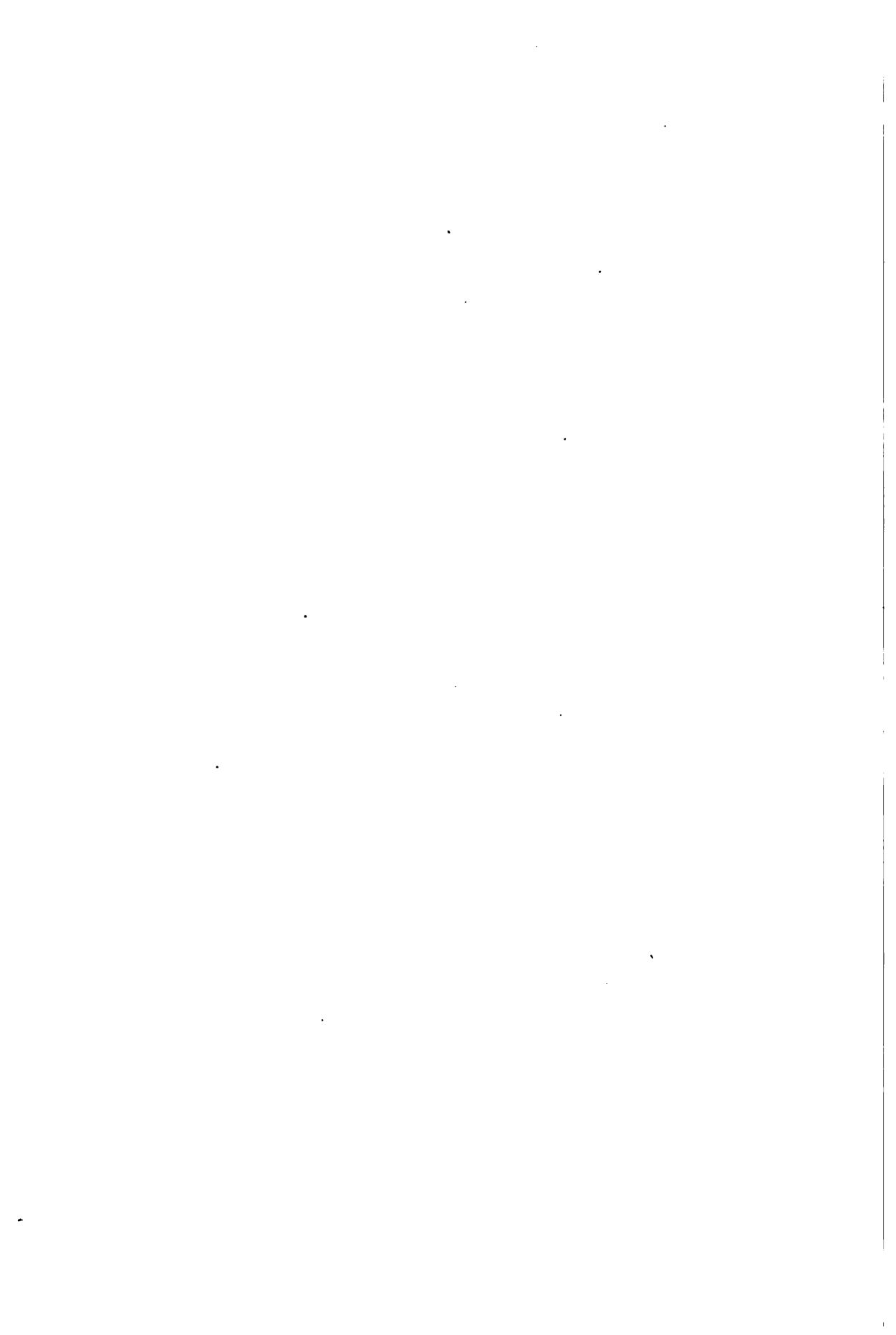


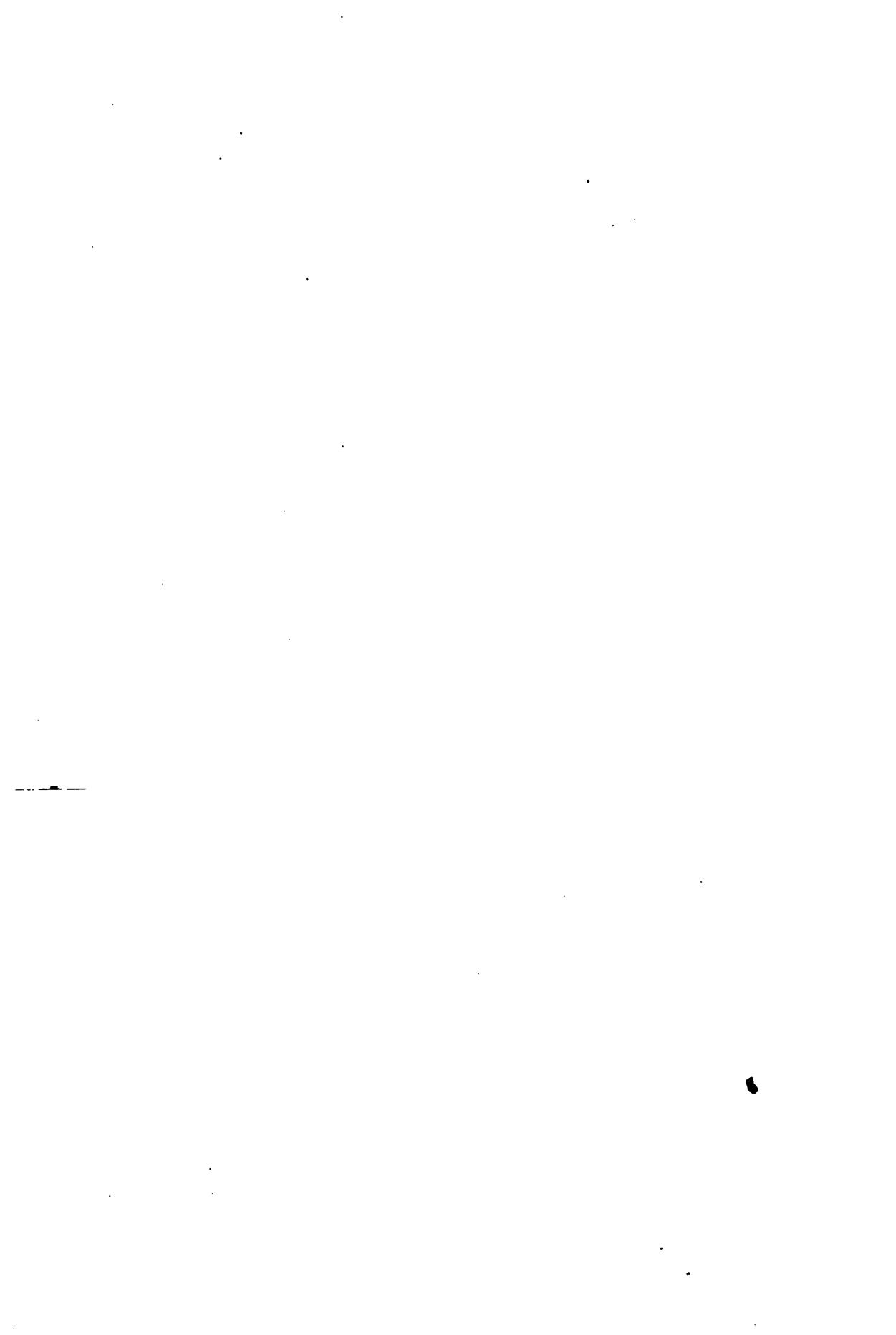
hour's at an end, Let us then home - ward wend,  
wend, And to each one a part - ing good-night. la la la la



And give to each one a part-ing good-night, Now fare thee well. Good -  
la!









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